Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, } Editors.
S. L. BOARDMAN, }

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

What Causes Grass to Run Out?

This is a question often asked; it is one too, which has not yet been satisfactorily answered. We know very well that our grass lands, even with the best treatment, do not hold out to yield anything like a good crop of hay for more than three or four years at most, and why is it? It cannot in all cases result from the land itself being poor, for we have known many instances in which sward land turned over, and newly seeded, produced a good yield for a few years, and then seemed to *run out*, as the expression is. Even land heavily manured, and which has been well dressed and kept in good condition, after a crop of corn is taken off will bear a good hay crop not more than four years, when in fact the condition of the soil is such as to warrant a good crop for double that time—with a slight top-dressing in the interval. Is the difficulty to be found in the soil, in the manner of seeding, or in some other cause?

An intelligent and very observing farmer—one of the best to be found in the Kennebec Valley—recently stated to us some facts in regard to the cause of grass *running out* so soon after having been seeded down, which looks so reasonable and are of so much importance that we wish to bring them to the attention of our readers. The discovery to him was purely accidental. Seated in the field one day in early spring, resting for a moment from the work of planting potatoes, he reached down and pulled up a handful of grass. He had no purpose in doing this, but on looking at it, observed that a portion of the stalks were green, and others apparently dead. This led to a closer examination of that held in the hand, and to the pulling up of others, all showing in part the dead roots, and also those which looked green and vigorous. The grass was chiefly timothy—herdsgrass. Now those familiar with this grass, know that it has a bulbous root, much in form like that of an onion. Wherever a dead stalk of grass was found, this root was decayed and lifeless; but where the stalk of the grass was growing, this bulb was hard and green. The question then suggested was, "What is the cause of this?" A close and extended examination revealed the fact, that where in mowing the summer before, the stalk was cut *above* the lower joint, that root was sound, healthy and growing; but where cut *below* the lower joint of the stalk, the bulb was soft, apparently dead, and gave no signs of growing.

This we regard as a discovery of the greatest importance. The lower joint in the stalk acts as a stopper, keeping out the snow and water, so that in the spring it is ready to start again, and send out a new, vigorous stalk. But if the stalk is cut off below that joint, the water gets in, causes the bulb to decay, and as a consequence can send out nothing but a few small blades from the weak, fibrous roots, which are yet sustained by the decayed bulb.

These statements and suggestions seem to be very reasonable, and give a most satisfactory explanation to the cause why grass runs out. And although it is doubtless caused by close mowing it is not therefore an argument against smooth fields or mowing-machines. The cutting-bar of mowers can be so gauged as to cut above the lower joints, and in stout grass the scythe can be run high almost as easy as upon the ground.

We ask the attention of our readers to these facts, and should be glad to receive from them any thoughts suggested thereby.

Is the Pig a Grazier?

If there is any one animal that is omnivorous—that is, one that will live upon almost everything and anything, fish, flesh, grain or grass, it is the pig. He is carnivorous, granivorous and graminivorous. We know that he will thrive and grow fat in a corn-field, we know too that he will grow and thrive in a butcher's yard, where he can get nothing but flesh and blood. And to the question whether he is a grazier, we can answer, yes. We have known the hog to live the year round and keep in pretty good order on grass in summer, and clover hay in winter. Our friends in Madawaska, also in other sections of this State, and indeed throughout the Western and Southern States, turn their hogs out to graze as regularly as they do their cattle. Some of them keep them during the winter, all, or in part on clover hay Our neighbor Kezer, of Winthrop, used to feed his store hogs on clover hay, crumbled or pounded fine with a flail, and they throve well upon it. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* last February, gave an account of some clover hay-fed swine that were found to be in good condition. "I have seen," says he, "twenty-five shoats, (September pigs,) the present winter, which have been fed on clover hay alone, and they are in good flesh; in fact they are actually in better condition than the average of pigs wintered without good warm shelter, and fed upon grain. The clover fed these pigs was cut on the 4th of July, and secured without a drop of rain upon it, and of course very nutritious. The pigs in addition are supplied with warm comfortable quarters, and have at all times access to warm, spring water." He also adds: "I once had a neighbor who owned a noted sow, to which he never fed a mouthful of grain during winter, but kept her in a yard with his cattle, and she ate with them the hay, and throve upon it."

Hogs however will thrive best on a variety diet, and the oftener a supply of good corn meal is found in this variety, the better will they thrive, but corn is not absolutely necessary to keep them in good store order.

Warts on Cow's Teats.

A correspondent recently inquired for a remedy to destroy warts on colts. We find in the *N. E. Farmer* the following effectual and simple receipt for warts on cows' teats, and we do not see why it may not be equally as effectual for those on colts. Perhaps it would also remove warts on the hands. It can do no harm to try it:

"Take fresh butter (unsalted) add an equal amount of sharp vinegar; simmer together and apply with a brush, cloth or hand. It will kill them so effectually that they will drop off in a few days! Warts on cattle, however large, may be removed by this process, without injury."

Horticultural Hints.

The Rose Slug. One of our lady readers asks for a remedy for this destructive insect to the rose bushes. We know of nothing better than whale oil soap, at the rate of half a pound diluted in four gallons of water, applied with a garden syringe. Apply every day until the insects disappear.

Paint for Garden Labels. In the garden, stakes and labels are often needed for the purpose of designating rows of fruit trees, new varieties of corn or potatoes, flower beds, vegetables, &c. Nothing is so good for this purpose as shellac varnish, into which a litttle lampblack has been well worked. Such paint will continue legible for years, and it is also the best mixture for use in marking barrels, boxes, bales of goods, &c.

Destroy the Currant Worm. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* saves his currants and gooseberries by burning small pieces of leather in a tin pan, to which a handle is attached. Over this he throws sulphur occasionally, of course placing the pan under the bushes attacked by the insects. This causes all to drop. This process of course must be repeated as often as a new crop appears, and a little care must be exercised not to burn the leaves.

Dwarf Trees in Japan. The degree of perfection arrived at by the Japanese in the art of scientific gardening is truly wonderful. In the account of their floriculture as found in the U. S. Exploring Expedition, we find the following notice of their dwarf trees:

"In this department the Japanese were very skillful. They possessed the art in a wonderful degree, either of dwarfing, or of unnaturally enlarging all natural productions. As an evidence of the first, may be seen, in the miniature gardens of the towns, perfectly mature trees of various kinds, not more than three feet high, and with heads about three feet in diameter. These dwarfed trees are often placed in flower pots. Fischer says that he saw, in a box, four inches long, one and a half wide, and six in height, a bamboo, a fir, and a plum tree, all thriving, and the latter in full blossom."

Ornamental Fences. The *Horticulturist* suggests that the *ampelopsis hederacea*,—a beautiful trailing plant, of hardy, rapid growing habits, should be planted by fence sides so as to run up over them, thereby giving old stump and other fences, a most picturesque and charming effect. A good suggestion, particularly for the Western States.

Indian's Cup---Sarracenia Purpurea.

Torrey, in his "Flora of the State of New York," Vol. I, page 42, says there are six species of the *sarracenia* known, all of which are peculiar to North America, and five of them are found exclusively in the Southern States. It is readily distinguished and known by the hollow, pitcher form of its leaves, the cavity of which is often found partly filled with water, which seems to be derived from rain and dews. From this peculiarity it is often called the American Pitcher-plant. In other places it is called the *Huntsman's cap*, and the *Side-saddle Flower*. Its natural locality is in low swampy situations.

A new use seems to have been discovered for this plant, by Dr. Frederick W. Morris, resident of the Halifax (N. S.) Visiting Dispensary, who has communicated to the *American Medical Times* a letter in which he states that this plant is a sure remedy for the small-pox in all its forms, in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. He also says, "that however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom a scar is left to tell the story of the disease." If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.

Premium Wheat Crops in Maine.

In glancing over the abstract of returns from the county societies in this State, for the year 1860, we made notes of the premium crops of wheat in some of the counties as therein reported. The following is a list of such counties, with the largest number of bushels to the acre:

Aroostook County,	29	bushels	per	acre.
Androscoggin "	30	"	"	"
Cumberland "	40	"	"	"
Franklin "	42	"	"	"
Lincoln "	30	"	"	"
Oxford "	29½	"	"	"
Penobscot "	51	"	"	"
Sagadahoc "	26	"	"	"
Somerset "	32	"	"	"
Waldo "	30	"	"	"
Washington "	19	"	"	"
York "	36	"	"	"

In some of the counties no report of premiums on crops are recorded, and accordingly we are obliged to make our average estimate from the twelve counties named above. The largest yield is Penobscot 51, and the smallest is Washington, 19 bushels. The average premium yield to the acre, from the above table—omiting fractions—is 34 bushels. This shows what could be done at raising spring wheat in Maine if the season was a favorable one, both for the growing crop and for the midge; for the researches of Dr. Fitch seem to have established the fact that if the last half of June be dry, wheat will escape injury from the midge, but if it is wet and showery, the crop will suffer from its ravages. We believe the amount of wheat sown this spring to have been larger than last season, and thus far it has been dry, too much so we fear for the good of the crop.

Farming Prospects in Penobscot.

Our observing and intelligent friend Taber, who is now traveling in Penobscot County, writes us as follows:

"The farmers in the western portion of this county, and adjoining towns in Somerset and Piscataquis have been actively engaged in plowing, planting potatoes and clearing up wet land, burning new clearings for beans or potatoes.

Seed time has been so prolonged this season, that with no delay from the weather there will probably be a larger amount of seed put in, in good shape, than ever before. Rough, swampy, or waste land is now being tilled, which in ordinary seasons would lie idle.

Grass and grain look quite as well as in Kenebec, although suffering for rain. The prospect for a good crop of all kinds of large fruits is now better than for several years past; but some orchards which have been neglected, will suffer sadly from the ravages of the caterpillar, which have pitched their white tents very thickly on the trees.

Yours truly, S. N. Taber.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Practical Entomology---No. 5.

By Geo E. Brackett.

A Walk in the Field. Friend reader, what say to a stroll in the fields this morning, when every thing looks so pleasant and inviting out of doors. But perhaps you say you have been in the field all the week, following the plow and wielding the hoe, and have seen enough of it; but it is not to manual labor I would invite you. Let us go out into nature's realm as students and observers, willing to learn and capable of enjoying, and as we should never proceed without a definite purpose in view, let us go out with the intention of observing and finding out more about our friends and enemies of the insect creation. You, as simply a companion and fellow observer, may don your broad-brimmed straw and say "all ready," while I, as an entomologist will provide myself with a few articles peculiar to the craft. I shall probably find specimens that I wish to preserve for study, or some new ones for my cabinet, so I will supply myself with number of boxes, wooden ones for moths and butterflies, metal ones for beetles, and many small vials for the smaller insects of all kinds. I'll put this viol of chloroform in my vest pocket, and taking my hand net, I am ready. Let us go into the fields on the high ground. Isn't this splendid for the first day of June, just warm and sunshiny enough to be pleasant; the trees in full leaf—many of the shrubs and smaller plants in blossom, and over all the hum of insects, from the noisy buzz of the humble bee to fine singing wing tones of the small flies.

Here we are in an old turf grass field. What's that mobling, that snapping, buzzing sound? Catch one and see; throw the net over him; sweep! There, he was too quick for you, try another—you've got him. Why, it's nothing but a grasshopper. No it isn't a grasshopper; it's a locust; grasshoppers are always green, with long, green wings and wing covers. I know these are popularly termed grasshoppers, but that is only one of the popular mistakes. By a little search we see here four kinds of locusts at this season of the year, and this large one seems full grown. Numerous as they are, we should be thankful we are not overrun with them as they were in Russia last summer, when whole districts and countries were devastated. Here's a "lady bug" on this gooseberry bush, and I've seen numbers of them since we came in the field. They are called *Coccinellas*; they and their larva live principally on plant lice, and this one was here to get her breakfast and to lay her eggs where the young worm would find something to eat when it first hatched out. Look close on this bush and see if you can find any lice. Yes, here's a whole colony, moths, half grown and infants. See what a work they've made on the upper side of the leaf where they are underneath sucking out the juice; but the lady bug will see that not many of them lives. I have noticed that the Coccinellas are unusually abundant this season, and as a natural connexion it would seem to indicate that there was to be plenty of food for them. It is to be hoped the plant lice will not be so abundant as they were last year, when they caused so much destruction to grain, but I fear they will be numerous. But let me have that Coccinella; it is a fine dotted one and I want to keep it as a specimen. I have the nine dotted ones and the seven dotted ones.

See, here is a caterpillar's nest. Yes, those are the appletree or tented caterpillars. (*Clisicompa Americana.*) They've got quite a stout and pretty large tent. Break off the limb and crush it under foot. These chokecherry bushes ought to be cut down; they harbor these caterpillars, which naturally breed on them, and from them spread to the apple trees and orchards. What kind of a bug is this? Beetle you mean; where did you find him? On the top of a blade of grass, just opening his wings to fly. Put him on his back—snap! There you see how quick he snapped himself on his feet. This belongs to a family called *Elaters*, or snapping beetles, and I have several in my collection, but none like this; so I will put him in a box and mount him when I get home. It is about half an inch long, thorax a reddish brown color, wing covers brownish grey with a brown stripe through the middle, and a spot on each side, and a blotch or band of brown across the middle of the wing covers. The larvæ of Elaters are wireworms and worms that prey on various kinds of roots. Here comes an insect flying with a slow motion and a humming sound. Isn't this a splendid beetle, a third of an inch long, round, shaped like a lady bug, of a brilliant dark green color, with the wing covers ornamented with silver dashes. I don't know its name, but must keep it and try to find out more about it.

Only see the grasshoppers, just hatched out and covered all over with spittle. Not so fast, friend; those are not grasshoppers, but are called froghoppers. But you have only given the popular belief in regard to them. I doubt not but nine-tenths of the people consider that these little spittle-enclosed hoppers are grasshoppers in their babyhood. Harris says they are placed in eggs the previous summer on the stems of plants where they hatch when warm weather comes, and immediately commence sucking out the sap which they take in, in such large quantities that it oozes from their bodies in the form of little bubbles, which soon cover up the insect. It becomes full grown by autumn, and lays its eggs for a next year's brood.

Here's one of those stinking bugs we so often see on raspberries. Yes, that is a *Phytocoris*. They live on plants by sucking out their juices with their long needle like beaks which you will see bent on their breast. The chinch bug, which does so much damage in western fields, is of this family. Why, what an odd looking insect this is I have just turned up in this horse manure. It is a dirty black beetle, nearly as wide as long, measuring a quarter of an inch; but what makes him look so strange is his long horn, which is caused by his thorax projecting in a point over his head and beyond his body. I don't know its name. Here are several more, some with no horns and some with half length ones. We have not seen any butterflies, except the common yellow ones. It is too early yet for them; the flowers got the start of them this year, but they will be plenty enough in a few days, when we will take another ramble.

For the Maine Farmer.

Dogs vs. Cattle.

Mr. Editor:—It seems that our Legislature in its wisdom, enacted a law whereby dogs might be taxed. Congress also contemplates adding another dollar to the cost of keeping a dog. I do not intend to discuss the merits of these laws, but wish to speak through the *Farmer* upon another question somewhat connected with it. In many localitiss a farmer has to keep a dog or have his crops eaten up by roving cattle. I have to support more than two hundred rod of fence, a part of which is annually carried away by the spring freshet, which is of no use except to enable my neighbors to pasture all creation, or at least, so much of it as their cattle choose to occupy. If the bars are left down to pass into a field, a drove of cattle will be likely to pass through before I can return. And often cattle are pastured in the road, because they are so breechy it is difficult keeping them enclosed—these are turned out to forage upon their neighbors, and don't require the bars to be let down; but can open the way for a drove at pleasure.

Laws are made for the protection of life and property. Now if we have a law to tax dogs, so as to raise a revenue, and protect sheep—a law which taxes the protection to our fields—are we not entitled to a law that will raise a revenue and protect our fields against cattle going at large? I would propose assessing an extra tax of from one to five dollars each, on all cattle, horses, sheep and swine pastured on the highway, or turned out to run at large; the cattle to be holden for the payment of the taxes. It is generally a very unpleasant thing to restrain and impound a neighbor's cattle found going at large or trespassing, but if it costs him more by means of a tax, to pasture his cattle in the road than it would in an enclosed pasture, then he would be pretty likely to keep them in an enclosed place.

New York has passed a law making cattle going at large or trespassing, subject to seizure and sale, unless the owner redeems them by paying a certain sum. (See *N. Y. Weekly Tribune*, May 31st, for copy of law.) I think that law, with the "direct tax," would free our highways of the pest, for now they seem to be about equally used as a road for people to travel in, and as a pasture for unruly cattle, the latter rather predominating. I would like to hear your views, and that of other farmers upon the subject, and if the public are in favor of more stringent laws, I would ask your influence to bring about so desirable a result. Let those interested speak out.

A Farmer.

For the Maine Farmer.

Topping Corn---Saving Fodder.

Mr. Editors:—Though it is not quite in the season to perform this part of the labor of raising and securing a crop of corn; yet it will do no harm to think about and compare our former practice with the result of the carefully and fairly tried experiments here introduced.

I find in Evans's *Rural Economist*, the following extracts said to be taken from a report to the Kent county, Delaware, Agricultural Society, by S. B. Coursey, Esq., upon the effect of "topping" corn, &c., and as quite a proportion of our old corn raisers are still in the habit of following this old custom, and some, though few, of the younger ones try the same, they seem appropriate.

"When I reported the last experiment on this subject, I thought I would not trouble myself or the Society with another experiment of the kind; but having a piece of very even corn, and favorably situated for a full and fair demonstration of the facts in the case, I was induced to give it one more trial, which, in my own mind, has established the fact that no portion of the fodder can be taken while *green*, without material injury to the corn; and that when the fodder is fully matured, the tops may be taken with very little loss of grain—less than two per cent.

The order of this experiment was the same as last year; alternate sections of two rows each, repeated several times to the amount of an acre as follows:

No. 1. Left standing, made one hundred baskets per acre, which, when shelled, weighed thirty-three pounds each, equal to fifty-nine bushels forty-six pounds.

No. 2. Topped without blading, made one hundred bushels, which weighed thirty-three pounds each, equal to fifty-eight bushels fifty-two pounds.

No. 3. Cut by the ground, made ninety-six baskets, which weighed thirty-three pounds each, equal to fifty-six bushels thirty-two pounds.

No. 4. Topped and stripped, made ninety baskets, which weighed thirty-three and one-half pounds each, equal to fifty-two bushels thirteen pounds.

No. 5. Topped without stripping, September 15th, made eighty-nine baskets, which weighed thirty-two and one-half pounds each, equal to fifty-one bushels thirteen pounds.

The fodder on all the above, except No. 5, was gathered on the 27th of September, when *fully ripe*; some of the blades dead. No. 5 was cut on the 15th, twelve days earlier, while *green*, though fodder saving was general in the neighborhood at the time. It will be seen by comparing it with No. 2—which is of the same class, but cut twelve days later—that No. 2 made four hundred and eighteen pounds, or about seven and one-half bushels per acre, more than No. 5. Had the blades been gathered at the same time, I have no doubt the loss in grain would have been more than doubled. This shows the ruinous waste of gathering fodder before the corn is ripe."

These several lots were put into a bag, each with their number attached, and when carefully dried were hand-shelled and then weighed; giving the above results. These experiments need no more comparing or ventilating to teach their import, viz: That no part of the stock or fodder can be removed while the crop is maturing, and particularly while ripening, without decreasing the amount of corn, to an amount which should cause those in the habit of "topping," to consider the subject fairly before doing so in the future.

I have thought often upon this subject and enquired of many concerning its advantage, but the most satisfactory answer was, "The old corn raisers used to almost always top their corn to let in the sun, and *father* used to his." Well here was somewhat of an argument to be sure, yet it did not satisfy my doubts about the propriety of the practice, hence it was never tried.

Near Phillips. O. W. True.

For the Maine Farmer.

Botany.

Of the many important and valuable studies to which the attention of man has been turned, none has proved a more pleasant, rational and interesting source of knowledge than Botany. By an investigation of plants, a thorough analyzation of their various parts, the mind is almost insensibly led to adore the great Author of these wonderous structures, and our conceptions of the Supreme Being become exalted to an extent to which, perhaps, no other study could so effectually produce. By this study the understanding is enlarged, the heart made better, the memory strengthened, the appreciations of the beautiful quickened, and evil passions subdued, for no one can long follow this pursuit without becoming softened and overpowered. Flowers are called the "stars of earth," and well they deserve the appellation, for like the stars of heaven, they beam upon us and brighten our pathway to the tomb. The more closely we examine these beautiful objects in nature, the greater becomes our admiration of the perfect adaptation of each part to the function which it is intended to perform. The botanist can never be solitary, for everywhere are his companions—everywhere has nature given him agreeable and elevating friends; he is surrounded with books bearing the impress of the Almighty's fingers, and by their perusal he is compelled to adore and love their great Author. He may turn over page after page of this interesting volume, yet the interest does not lage, for every leaf shows forth a brighter gem then the one preceding it.

What an ample scope is presented to the farmers. With a little attention to Gray's works on Botany, he can soon commence to arrange and classify the different plants which fall beneath his observation while about the farm work; also learning their medical properties and uses, for I consider there are plants which, if the medical properties thereof was understood, would cure all the diseases by which the animal kingdom is now suffering. Then let all farmers who wish to inform themselves in the branch of knowledge, obtain Gray's series, and enter upon it at once.

Tuftonboro', Carrol Co., N. H. J. L. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Hint on Using Muck.

Mr. Editors:—I see many valuable hints in your paper about the use of muck and the value of urine as a manure, and the best method of preparing and using them. The subject is of much importance, and I should be glad to hear more from those in the habit of using them. I would ask if muck hauled in the fall and put into the barn or shed, and used in the winter as a litter and absorbent is not a good way to use the muck and save the urine? A Subscriber.

Note. Yes, it not only absorbs all the liquid voidings of cattle, but by being mixed with the solid, thereby renders both of more value. We have found it absolutely necessary to use large quantities of muck in this way, especially if the manure is kept in a cellar or shed.—Eds.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Herkimer County Cheese.

We copy from Mr. Willard's Essay, previously referred to, the process of manufacturing this famous cheese;

"The whole mass of milk is gradually raised to a temperature of eighty-eight or ninety degrees, according to the temperature of the atmosphere, and a sufficient quantity of rennet stirred in to thoroughly curdle it in forty minutes. It is then covered with a cloth and left at rest, any jarring or jostling having a tendency to disturb coagulation.

I have experimented in setting milk at a higher and lower temperature, but it was always attended with loss. Milk set at a low temperature affects materially the flavor of the cheese; it does not readily coagulate, the curd is soft, the whey separates with difficulty, and a portion is liable to remain in the cheese, to sour and putrify. Such a cheese will be porous, and however carefully the curd is worked, the whey will be turbid, and carry off both butter and cascin.

If the milk is too warm, coagulation becomes too adhesive, and the oily parts of the milk being held in solution, escape with the whey, rendering the cheese tough and leathery. Rennet acts exclusively upon the cascin of the milk, and not upon the butter, the globules of which are imbedded in the cascin in the act of solidification, and in this way are made to form curd. Heat hastens the ascent of the buttery particles, not only changing their relative position, but in a measure their nature; hence we see that when any portion of the milk is heated up to a high temperature for the purpose of warming the whole mass of milk, the buttery portions of this part are displaced and changed into oil, and will not readily enter into the curd, but will pass off with the whey.

I shall presently speak of another loss of cheese, in using the hands only for breaking and working the curd. If the process so far has been conducted aright, as regards heat and the quantity of rennet used, the curd has a firm consistency, but is not tough, and on raising a portion with the finger readily splits apart. The whole mass is now cut into perpendicular columns with the cutter, and allowed to stand ten minutes, when it is divided into smaller parts, and after a few minutes, if the whey has formed rapidly, and the curd sinks, a gentle heat is begun to be applied to the whole mass. At this stage the temperature is determined by the thermometer, that heat may not be applied too rapidly, and the whole mass is slowly and gently worked with the cutter, that every portion may be equally affected; this is continued until the mass indicates a temperature of 100 degrees, when heating is discontinued. The mass may be held at this point for a reasonable time, in order to cook the curd sufficiently, but should not be raised above it.

The time of scalding or cooking the curd varies with the temperature of the atmosphere, from one and a quarter to two hours. From the time that heat is first applied to the time when the curd is sufficiently cooked, at least one hour should have intervened; too long as well as too short a process being attended with loss.

The cutter is used instead of the hands in working the curd, because it divides the mass more evenly and in smaller parts; because it is not so liable to bruise the curd and press out the oily particles; because it more perfectly facilitates the separation of whey; because the curd being in a finely divided state, and being kept in motion, does not clog together and is scalded evenly; and because by trial, it is found to waste less in working.

The particles of curd, at this stage of the process, are not much larger than wheat kernels; and if, on taking up a handful and closing the hand upon it with a slight pressure, it is found to be elastic and readily falls in pieces on opening the hand, the cooking process has been carried far enough. Judgment and experience are here requisite to determine the proper amount of scalding; a little less, or a trifle more, being an injury to the cheese.

When the curd is nearly cooked enough, the perforated tin strainer is run down at the corner of the vat, the cork withdrawn, and the whey passes rapidly off to the whey tubs. The vat is now canted up, the curd drawn to the upper end and stirred to keep the whole mass loose, and to facilitate a more thorough drainage of whey. Water or cooling whey thrown upon the curd has a tendency to impoverish the cheese; neither is used, for if all the operations have been managed rightly, the curd will now indicate a temperature of about eighty-eight degrees, which is not too warm to receive the salt. But if it is desired to cool the curd, water is thrown in between the vats. Curd that is too cool does not absorb salt so readily, nor does the salt act so thoroughly to cleanse and purify it of whey and the traces of rennet.

One pound of fine salt is used for forty to fifty pounds of cheese, and is worked evenly into the whole mass. If it is desired to ripen cheese early, or for 'hay made cheese' that is less rich in butter, a smaller quantity is used.

The curd is now dipped from the vat to the hoop, the crumbs swept up with the brush and added, and the whole put to press. In about three hours the cheese is turned and bandaged, and remains in press until next morning. The bandages are made with drawing cords in the edges, and to fit the cheese, and when put in place, and the cords drawn up snugly, will allow the cheese to spread, after it comes from the press, about one inch. Finally, the cheese is taken from the press to the curing room, and its weight dermined, and compared with the number of gallons of milk used for its manufacture. It is then oiled with hot whey butter, and thereafter turned, rubbed and greased once in twenty-four hours.

The whey butter is extracted from the cream of the whey by churning, or by boiling and simmering it over a 'slow fire.' Such is briefly the process of manufacturing firm, rich and mild flavored cheese."

Management of Muck in Yards.

From an article in the *Homestead*, on "The New England Barn-yard," we copy the following:

The true manure-making period of the year, in the open yard, is indicated by, and perhaps begins and ends with the corn-growing season. That is, muck does not *rot* in the yard while the temperature is too low to favor vegetation, and is perhaps ameliorated more by exposure during June, July, and August than through all the balance of the year. The amount of droppings from cattle is usually the greatest during those warm months, while they are not tied in the stable at all. The farmer who wishes to manufacture his manure of an even quality will give as much of the month of May as possible to the absorbents already in the yard, and will also endeavor to clean and replenish the second time as near the first of September as practicable. By this method he may get two crops of manure yearly.

Hen Houses.

Poultry-houses floored with beaten or well-rammed clay are said to be less infected with lice than houses which have sandy floors. In this, however, as in other departments of stock-keeping, cleanliness is, after all, the best preventive. Cleanliness of the house and cleanliness of the hen. To secure the latter, let a plentiful supply of pure fresh water be given to them; and a dust-bath should form an essential part of the furniture of a hen-house. A correspondent suggests that to exterminate lice in fowls, they should be fed for several days on coarse meal wet with water and sulphur mixed with it; the nests being at the same time thoroughly cleaned, the house fumigated with tobacco, and all the roots and woodwork whitewashed with fresh lime mixed with sulphur or tobacco.

The Value of Coal Ashes and Cinders.

Coal ashes is, as a general thing, thrown away and thought a nuisance. But after some experience I am inclined to take a different view of the matter.

It may be, and undoubtedly is the case that they are less valuable than those derived from wood. The ash of coal contains gypsum, lime and phosphoric acid, but its main bulk is composed of insoluble silica. I have found coal ashes to be very useful in the peach orchard; in the fall they should be spread around the root of the tree at the rate of a good-sized wheelbarrow load to each tree, and spread some five inches thick at the trunk, and sloping off gradually all around; the ashes should be allowed to remain in this position until the tree is out in blossom, when it should be spread over the orchard. I consider that I have derived much benefit from this plan, and would account for it in the following manner. We all know by experience that a large pile of coal ashes will retain the frost much later than common soil—the ashes at the trunk of the tree (as I have proven by experiments,) retains the frost later in the spring and prevents the trees from coming out in bloom too soon. Another good effect is that ashes thus applied will keep off the peach worm, which is often so destructive to the trees. Besides these mechanical advantages, coal ashes contains substances which are beneficial to vegetation of all kinds. Last winter I kept a portion of coal ashes under shelter until the ground was well frozen, when it was spread as before; if the effect should be thereby changed, I will report at the proper season. This system will apply as well to other fruits as to the peach. I have tried it with the same success on apple, pear and cherry trees.

If coal ashes produced no other advantage than the mechanical one of loosening the soil, it would still be valuable. But the following analysis, by Prof. Norton, proves it to be valuable as a manure. He found one hundred parts of ash from white ash coal without any wood ashes from kindling, contained of

Insoluble silica,	88.08
Soluble,	0.09
Alumina,	3.36
Iron,	4.03
Lime,	2.11
Magnesia,	0.19
Soda,	0.22
Potash,	0.17
Phosphoric acid,	0.20
Sulphuric acid,	0.86
Chlorine,	0.09

Those who advocate the application of iron to peach trees will find another reason for my success in the amount of that substance contained in coal ashes.

One of my neighbors has for many years applied coal ashes to his potato patch as a preventive of rot, and has not since been troubled with rotten potatoes. He retains the same piece of ground several years in succession, and applies coal ashes in large quantities each year. He attributes his success to the loosening or mechanical effects of the ashes, but I attribute his and my own success in this line to early planting and early digging.

As to whether it will pay to buy or haul coal ashes far I cannot say, but by the above analysis we see that nearly ninety pounds in every one hundred is of no value as a manure; that the whole potash from one ton of coal ashes would amount to but three pounds, which may be obtained at a cost of twenty-five cents; the sulphuric acid would amount to but eighteen pounds in the ton, and would cost but about sixty-two cents. Apart from the insoluble matter the ashes would be as valuable as some of our patent fertilizers.—Agricola in *Germantown Telegraph*.

Importance of Birds to Agriculture.

In the French Senate, on Monday, M. Bonjean read a report on four petitions, praying that measures might be taken to preserve birds which destroy insects hurtful to agriculture. The report, which occupies five columns of the *Moniteur*, is an amusing essay upon insect-eating birds, their habits, anatomy and species of food. It treats at length of the ravages of insects, and the importance to man of the objects they destroy. France is infested with thousands of species of insects of terrible fruitfulness, nearly all of which prey on what should serve the purpose of man. The first section of the report is headed, "Importance of birds to Agriculture." It states that the wire-worm consumed £160,000 worth of corn in one department alone, and was the cause of three deficient harvests which preceded 1856.—Out of 504 grains of colza, gathered at hazard at Versailles, all but 296 had been rendered worthless by insects. The reduction of yield in oil was 32.8 per cent. In Germany, according to Latreille, the Phalena manucha consumed whole forests. In Eastern Prussia, three years ago, more than 24,000,000 cubic meters of fir had to be cut down, because the trees were attacked by insects. Man is unable to cope with these destroyers of the produce of his labor. His eye is too dull to perceive, and his hand too slow to catch them. Without the aid of birds, he would be vanquished in the struggle. The commission excludes birds of prey, such as magpies, ravens, &c., with the exceptions of buzzards and rooks, from the benefit of its protection, because the buzzard consumes about 6000 mice yearly, and the rook an incalculable amount of white worms. Sparrows are rehabilitated, and their usefulness shown by reference to the facts, that when their destruction was attempted in Hungary, winged insects increased so rapidly, that rewards for the destruction of sparrows were suppressed, and given for bringing them back.

Frederick the Great ordered the destruction of sparrows, because they ate his cherries; but in two years he found his cherries and all other fruits consumed by caterpillars. In a sparrow's nest on a terrace in the Rue Vivienne were found the remains of 700 cockchafers. Owls, and birds of that class, which agricultural ignorance pursues as birds of evil omen, ought to be welcomed. They are ten times more useful than the best cats, and not dangerous to the larder. The martins that were killed were found to have in their stomachs the remains of 243 insects. After further illustrations of the same nature the report proposes the prohibition of all means of destroying birds, save by fire-arms, with the exception of nets for wild ducks, and palmipedes generally, and the prohibition of birds-nesting and destruction of eggs to young birds. The petitions were referred to the Minister of Commerce and Public Works.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Flax.

This crop occupies the ground but a short time. It follows corn or the small grains in a rotation, and may be followed by turnips the same season. Any soil finely worked, in good heart, free from weeds, not so rich as to produce a rank, uneven growth, and not liable to suffer from drouth, will answer for flax. Two or three bushels of seed are sowed to the acre, according to the quality of the land; never more than two bushels when raised for seed. Sow early in spring, harrow and roll. When a hand-breadth high, it is well to go through and pull all the tall growing weeds. About the last of July the bottom of the stalks turn yellow and lose their leaves, the seed capsules also become plump and full. If the crop is raised for seed, let it stand until fully ripe, but gather before there is danger of shelling; if for the fibre, pull when the ripest seeds have assumed a light brown color. Flax is pulled by the roots, bound in small sheaves, and stooked until dry enough to stack. Or, the seed may be stripped off in the rippling combs at once and the straw stacked. When raised on a small scale, it is usually spread out in gavels as pulled and left to undergo the rotting process. Twelve to sixteen bushels of seed, and a ton and a half of straw, is a common yield. When the cleansed fiber and the oil are alone sold, this otherwise exhausting crop does not exhaust the farm at all.

The Rose.

In a short time the first instalment of Perpetual roses will be due. Universal favorite as the rose is, it requires no recommendation. All the varieties are beautiful, but other things being equal, the Hybrid Perpetuals and the Bourbon, China, and Tea roses are to be selected on account of their more frequent periods of bloom. The Perpetuals are, however, by no means true to their name, as regards their bloom, for they flower but twice in the season; profusely in June, moderately in September or October. There will be occasionally a plant which will afford a few flowers at other seasons, but the above is the rule.

Where there is a good cellar, green-house or frame, in which tender roses (under which head China, Bourbon, and Tea roses are placed) can be kept during winter, they are probably the most useful and satisfactory classes, as they are more constant in bloom, and of a more delicious fragrance in general.

There is one very serious drawback to the cultivation of the rose, and that is the great depredations made upon them by insects. The effects of these attacks are to be seen in the destruction of the tender shoots and buds, and the disfigurement of the foliage, which will have all the tender portions eaten out, leaving only the skeleton and a slight tissue of a dry nature, presenting the appearance of having been scorched. This is almost universally the case with the rose where no precaution has been used to prevent the ravages of the rose slug. The best preventive of its depredations is found in the use of whale oil soap suds, made with two pounds of the soap in fifteen gallons of water, and applied to the foliage with a watering pot, or preferable with a syringe, by the use of which the under side of the leaves may be drenched. The whale oil soap is not a common article of merchandise, but may be procured of the seedsmen in our large cities at a trifling cost.

Where this cannot be procured, a decoction of tobacco will be found a very good remedy. The frequency of the application depends upon circumstances; usually three or four times in the season will be sufficient, but if the slugs are numerous and continue their operations a long time, it must be applied more frequently.

The rose is generally grown singly, though many prefer making beds of the different sorts. Most roses will bloom better if rigorously pruned very early in the spring, but some sorts, as the yellow and moss roses, will not bear severe pruning. The climbing roses should have the old wood frequently cut entirely away, leaving only the young and vigorous shoots.

The rose is a gross feeder, and the soil in which it is planted should be made very rich. Before planting, the ground should be deeply and thoroughly prepared, and a good deal of old well rotted manure dug in. Every year a liberal supply should be forked in, and frequent applications during the summer of soap suds or liquid manure will be found beneficial.—*Country Gentleman.*

Ameliorating Crops.

There is a class of crops which deserves the attention of the farmer, but which, unfortunately, are too often neglected in this country. They are termed ameliorating crops, from the fact that they are supposed to improve the land upon which they are grown. It is well known that the generality of crops exhaust the soil, or, at least, leave it no better than before they were grown upon it. Among the crops to which the term ameliorating may be applied, are carrots, turnips and artificial grasses, &c. The manner in which beneficial effects are produced by these different crops, is as various as the crops themselves. Some effect it by altering the chemical condition of the soil, others by killing off or choking out the weeds. Dr. Wilson says: an ameliorating crop either destroys weeds by taking entire possession, or occasions weeds to be destroyed, oxygen to be absorbed, and inert matter to be decomposed by frequent workings of the soil; exhausts mischievous excrementitious deposits of preceding cereal crops; or makes such excrementitious deposits of its own, as are useful to succeeding cereal crops; or occasions a thorough preparation of the soil by means

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, June 19, 1862.

Notice.

Mr. James Sturgis, agent for the *Farmer* will call upon subscribers in Franklin County.

Mr. S. N. Tabbr will call upon subscribers in Penobscot county.

About Coins and Coinage.

In the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury—for a copy of which we are indebted to Hon. W. P. Fessenden—we find something relating to the coinage at the United States Mint, in Philadelphia, during the year ending June 30, 1861; and although figures are said to be, and doubtless are, very dry and uninteresting, yet we think we can cull from this document, some items of general interest.

During the year, there was received at the Mint, and its various branches, the sum of $72,146,751,01 in bullion. Of this, $34,216,889,52 in gold, and $610,011,29 in silver, was the product of the mines of the United States; and a large quantity of this domestic silver was obtained by separating it from the gold deposits in which it was obtained. The mines of silver already in working condition in the Washoe region and in Kansas, continue to well repay the miner for his toil, and in addition, new ones which promise a rich yield, have recently been discovered in Arizona Territory. Although this is a new country, yet as far as explorations have been made, its mineral wealth seems to be of vast extent, and a more full development will doubtless find it one of the most interesting portions of our western domain.

The total coinage for the year amounted to $83,693,767,58; and the number of pieces of all denominations of coin 23,724,913. It is also quite a remarkable fact that the coinage of the past year consisted chiefly of a pretty piece of money known as a *double eagle*—which by the way is a rare bird in this latitude—although considering the fact that there were nearly sixty millions of dollars worth of them coined during the year, we think they ought to be more plenty hereabouts than they are. But we are assured the reason for this large manufacture of double-eagles, results from the fact that a large amount of the bullion deposited was gold, and it can be more easily turned into coin of this denomination than of any other. The gold dollar requires the same time and number of manipulations in the process of coinage as the double-eagle; and while the mint could only coin one million dollars worth of the former, it could coin twenty millions of the latter. This process is found of great benefit, especially when the deposits of bullion are large, as there would be much delay if the returns were made in small coin. The gold dollar is now the standard of value, and although silver is a legal tender for only five dollars, gold is legal tender for any sum. The Director of the Mint considers that the limit of legal tender for silver is too low, and suggests that the limit for coin of this metal should be increased to fifty or one hundred dollars. When some years ago, the standard of silver coin was lowered to check the export of specie, the actual value of the silver dollar was not changed. Consequently, the legal weight of two half dollars, or smaller fractions, is 384 grains, while that of the dollar is 412½ grains. The intrinsic value, therefore, is 7½ per cent. more than a dollar's worth of the other silver coins, but when compared with their current value only 4½ per cent. more. The silver dollar should be made to conform in value to our smaller silver coins, or it should pass from circulation.

The entire coinage of the Mint and its various branches since they were respectively organized, to June 30, 1861—a period of sixty-nine years—is $799,923,362,14; about $520,000,000 of this amount has been coined from bullion derived from mines in the United States. When we consider that our government is not a century old, and yet has executed so large an amount of coinage, it is the best evidence of our immense mineral wealth, and also of the wonderful extent and activity of our commercial enterprise. It would be highly interesting to know what has been done with all this money; how much yet remains in our country, and how much has been sent abroad, and what we have chiefly purchased with it.—From the most reliable statements, it is ascertained that up to last October, the amount of specie in the United States was between two hundred and twenty-five and three hundred million of dollars, so that in little more than half a century we have managed to dispose of about $500,000,000. Much of this sum has gone to foreign lands to bring to our own country luxuries of various sorts which we could have well done without. But we were a young, flourishing and rich nation, and being at peace with all the world, spent our money freely; now the taxation of our income will cause a closer watch to be kept upon our expenditures, and thereby, perhaps, be looked upon as a blessing. But it is a significant and remarkable fact, that all but about twenty millions of the above sum, is held within the States of the Union now loyal to the Government.

There are branch mints of the United States at New Orleans, Dahlonega and Charlotte, and the Chief Director of the Mint at Philadelphia is suspicious that the rebels holding the above branch mints may have adulterated their recent coinage, but he has not been able to obtain any specimens. The standard of finances of our coinage is nine-tenths—that is, nine parts of gold to one of alloy—the alloy being nine parts copper and one of silver. So that in 1000 ounces of standard gold, there are 900 ounces of pure gold, 10 ounces of silver, and 90 ounces of copper. The new cent is composed of 88 per cent. of copper, and 12 per cent. of nickel.

The Season. The drouth continues in this section, with much severity. On Friday last, we were favored with a slight rain in the morning, and the day continued cloudy with a gentle mist most of the time, which was far more acceptable than the previous bright sun and drying wind. Since the rain, it has been much cooler with the wind northwest.

The prospect for growing crops is not so favorable as we could wish; yet we hope bounteous rains and genial skies will ere long cause vegetation to spring forward and make the heart of the husbandman leap for joy. The hay crop must fall far short of last year; indeed, the grass in old fields is now hardly ankle high. Some newly seeded and highly manured lots give promise of a good yield.

Corn, potatoes and other crops up well, and notwithstanding the drouth, have made a good start. If rain with warm weather following, is soon given we may expect average returns of these crops. Appearances now indicate an abundant yield of apples and of most small fruits.

☞ Large quantites of potatoes have this spring been forwarded from this city and other places in the State, on the lines of railroads running into Portland, for the purpose of supplying the manufactory in that city which has been engaged in putting up dried and ground potatoes for the use of the army and navy. This factory has recently been discontinued, which has caused a decided decline in the price of potatoes—heretofore held at a pretty high figure.

☞ We learn that Brigadier General Caldwell, who has recently been visiting his family at Machias, has been assigned to General Howard's brigade. Gen. H. we are glad to learn is rapidly recovering from his wound and is anxious to return to his command.

The War News of the Week.

The engagement of Fremont's forces with those of Stonewall Jackson near Harrisonburg, on Sunday the 8th inst. resulted in the complete discomfiture and rout of the rebels. The fight was desperately contested on both sides, continuing during the entire day, and the losses in killed and wounded very heavy. The enemy were strongly posted in a position chosen by themselves, and Fremont's attack was made under circumstances of great disadvantage and with a much inferior force. During the night the routed rebels retreated to Fort Republic, crossing the Shenandoah the following morning. An attempt was made by the advance portion of Gen. Shields' division to intercept Jackson's retreat at this bridge, but the strength of the enemy was too much for him, and he was driven back with considerable loss in killed, wounded and missing. The enemy's loss was correspondingly large.

We have nothing of special importance from Gen. McClellan's army before Richmond. Daily skirmishing occurs between the opposing pickets. Some suspicious movements of the enemy in the vicinity of the late battle field on Friday last, have excited attention, and other demonstrations upon different portions of our lines during the past week, make it probable that another attack may be contemplated by the rebels whenever it can be done to their advantage. Meanwhile Gen. McClellan is steadily gaining in strength and position every day, and the time is slowly but surely approaching when the grand attack can be made with the certainty of a triumphant result. During the past week his command has been largely reinforced, and it is now, both in numbers and efficiency, stronger than it has been at any previous period of the campaign. Unless an attack is made by the beleaguered enemy, it is not likely that any decisive battle will occur for a number of days. The advantage to be gained by delay and preparation is all on our side, and it is not believed that Gen. McClellan will hazard his chances of success by premature action.

The recent successful demonstrations of Gen. Mitchell and Gen. Negley in East Tennessee indicate the speedy redemption of that part of the State from the rebel tyranny.

Affairs in New Orleans and Memphis continue quiet. The people of those cities are represented as being disposed for the most part to resume their usual avocations, and business is slowly reviving under the wise and temperate administration of the federal authority.

Vicksburg is not yet in our possession. Its elevated position on the Mississippi river places it above the range of the guns of the fleet, making the co-opration of a land force necessary for its reduction. The result will not long be delayed.

Gen. Beauregard is still retreating with the main body of his forces in the direction of Jackson, Mississippi. Portions of his army are reported to have gone to Charleston and Mobile, where they will be needed for the defence of those cities against the threatened demonstrations of Gen. Hunter and Com. Farragut.

A New Theory. At last, the cause of the rot in potatoes and the weevil in wheat has been found out! The speculations, which for years have been put forth concerning the origin of these direful maladies to vegetation, are now exploded; and the various theories scattered to wind by the profound discovery of Crosby! We are gratified in being able to announce the fact direct from the eminent reformer himself, that the building of the Augusta Dam by putting a stop to the migration of fish up the river, is the sole cause of the potato rot and grain weevil! Now that the fishway is in working order, and they are being planted in the various ponds up river, our neighbors in that section may hereafter rely upon *sound murphies* and *wheat cakes*. Ephraim will please publish for the enlightenment of his readers.

Gov. Stanley. Gov. Stanley, since his appointment of provisional Governor of North Carolina, has caused much feeling in the army by the arbitrary enforcement of the fugitive slave law and the closing of the free schools for negroes, which had been established by the consent and authority of Gen. Burnside. The President has written to Gov. Stanley disapproving of his action in closing the negro schools and taking the position that his commission as Military Governor did not authorizh him to take any steps at all in such affairs. The President also informs Mr. Stanley that the Fugitive Slave law must be enforced through the courts only, and military officers are not to trouble themselves about it or interfere in any way with runaway slaves.

The Tax Bill. The Tax Bill passed the Senate on Friday, June 6th, by a nearly unanimous vote, 37 to 1. It is stated that about one-third of the taxation imposed by the House bill has been stricken out, and it is estimated that in its present form it will yield about one hundred millions per annum, or with the tariff, about one hundred and fifty millions. Among the new articles taxed is cotton, half a cent per pound. The Senate struck out the tax on plate, watches and dogs. It is probable that the House will concur in passing the bill without further amendment.

☞ By the resignation of Hon. C. W. Walton, a vacancy is occasioned in the Congressional representation of this State from the old 2d District, which includes Oxford, Franklin, a part of Cumberland and that portion of Androscoggin county west of the river. The vacancy is to be filled at the election in September. Hon. E. T. Little and T. A. D. Fessenden, Esq., of Auburn, W. P. Frye, Esq., of Lewiston, and Hon. W. H. Vinton of Gray, are mentioned as candidates for the nomination.

☞ The valuable and extensive Law Library of the late Nathan Dane Appleton, was sold during the late session of the Supreme Court at Alfred. Its original cost was nearly 3,000, but it brought only about $400. The Maine Reports sold for $2 per volume; and we hope some of them found their way to our State Library, to complete the set there. Many important text books sold for a mere trifle.

☞ Our old townsman, E. D. Norcross, whose coal and wood furnaces are the best articles of the kind now in use, has temporarily removed his manufacturing establishment to the store on Water street, north of the Railroad Bridge. We speak from personal knowledge and experience in recommending his furnaces to public patronage.

☞ The Bangor *Times* says that the house, barns, sheds, &c., belonging to Henry Johnson, of Charlestown, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week. The house was unoccupied at the time, but was fully furnished. A valuable horse and carriage in the stable were burned. The fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

☞ The house of Mr. Joel Richardson on Factory hill, in this city, caught fire from the burning of a chimney, on Saturday last. By the prompt action of the neighbors, it was soon extinguished.

Large Grain Shipment. During the first week in June, the enormous amount of one million four hundred and thirteen thousand four hundred and thirty-two barrels of flour were shipped from New York for Great Britain.

Fire in Rockland. On Thursday evening last, the Palmer Block in Rockland, was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by H. P. Wood & Son, and J. P. Wise, hard ware dealers, C. S. Moffitt merchant tailor, and others. Loss unknown.

Official Report of Col. Plaisted. The official report of Col. Plaisted of the 11th Maine, embracing an account of the part taken by his regiment at the battle of "Fair Oaks," near Richmond, has just been published. We present the following abstract:

About noon on Saturday, May 31st, Col. Plaisted was on the picket line near Williamsburg—being general officer of the day—when our pickets were attacked by the enemy and driven in. Gen. Casey soon after came from the woods and ordered out the 11th Maine and 100th New York. As Col. Plaisted was returning to his camp, he met companies A, C and F, of the 11th Maine, under command of Maj. Campbell, hastening to the scene of action. The remaining seven companies of the regiment were on picket. Taking command of the battalion, he moved up the Williamsburg road a short distance, halted and loaded under a scattering fire. In his report he says:

"Orders then came to move my regiment up and support Capt. Spratt's Battery, then hotly engaged on the right of the road, about 200 yards in advance. I moved to post my companies on the right of the battery, as it was supported on the left by the 100th New York. To avoid shots directed to silence the battery, I filed to the right across the road to the woods some 150 yards, and under cover of the woods, advanced in line of battle to the front, until opposite the right of the battery, then by the left flank to my position about 30 yards from the right of the battery, having, in thus getting into position, but two men wounded. I ordered my men to lie down behind a ridge, that protected them, and reserve their fire until the rebels emerged from the woods. Soon after Gen. Naglee rode in front of my line amidst a shower of bullets, and ordered me to charge. With the greatest enthusiasm, the order was obeyed. With the 104th Pennsylvania on my right, we advanced across the open space some two or three hundred yards to the fence, and not more than fifty yards from the woods, when we opened fire. We maintained our fire and our position until two-thirds of my commissioned officers and one half my little battalion were either killed or wounded, my flag perforated by eleven bullets, flag staff shot away, and the supports upon my right had broken and given way. Then, reluctantly, I gave the order, 'Retreat.'"

Col. Plaisted then fell back to his old camp ground, and afterwards to "Nine Mile Road," about 100 yards to the rear. Here an effort was made to rally the men, but it was unsuccessful, and he retired in good order to "Seven Pines." There he learned from Lieut. Col. Jordan, commanding the 56th New York Regiment, that four companies of the 11th Maine,—consisting of B, G, H and K—that were on picket, volunteered to fight under him. In his official report that officer says:

"I would most especially call the attention of the Commanding General to the detachment of the 11th Maine Volunteers—four companies, under Capt. Spofford—who was with my regiment during the engagement, and behaved nobly and retired from the field in good order; but not until compelled by superior forces."

Col. Plaisted says: "Were I to name all my officers and soldiers who did their duty, I should call the roll of the regiment." Several individual instances of courage and fortitude are however mentioned by him. He says:

"Company E, Lieut. Sabine, and Co. I, Capt. Merrill, in all about fifty men, occupied the extreme right of our line of pickets. They maintained their picket line during the entire day, and, it may be, saved Gen. Sedgwick from being surprised by a flank movement of the enemy while he was hotly engaged in front. About nightfall a rebel brigade of four or five regiments, with several hundred cavalry, advanced through a wheat field in the rear of Sedgwick's position, while the latter was doing such splendid execution with his batteries, seemingly with the intention of passing through the woods where the two companies were posted, and attacking him in the rear. The two companies were called together at the edge of the woods, and fired upon the advancing rebels, tumbling three officers from their saddles. They then retired to the woods amid a shower of bullets, still watching the enemy's movements, and sending immediate notice to Sedgwick. They maintained their picket line across the woods during all that rainy night, without rations, taking a number of prisoners. Lieut. Johnson of Co. D, with a few men, were also with them. In the morning they returned to their regiment with not a man missing, bringing with them as many prisoners as their own companies numbered. By maintaining their position, thus leading the enemy to suppose them heavily supported, they may have prevented an attack, and certainly a surprise upon that General's force.

In mentioning the coolness and bravery of Maj. Campbell, Col. Plaisted says:

"When under the hottest fire at the front, I directed him to the left of the line to caution the men to fire lower. He moved from right to left amidst a storm of bullets. His calm, clear commands, as he moved along the line, touching almost every file on the back, 'Fire lower, boys, fire lower; aim lower, boys, aim lower,' can never be forgotten by me. He was unharmed."

Of the courageous conduct of his color-bearer, Sergeant Katen, he reports:

"His bravery was so conspicuous I should do injustice to a brave man, and to the whole regiment, did I not call particular attention thereto. He bore our standard bravely in front of the line until ordered to halt on a line with the 104th Pennsylvania; and when I gave the order, 'Forward to the fence,' several yards in advance of that regiment, he was the first man to reach the fence, against which he firmly planted our flag, moving with the greatest steadiness, amidst such a shower of bullets as it would seem 'no mortal could see and live.' The shattered and torn condition of the color attests the terrible fire directed against him."

As a specimen of the cool and deliberate firing of his men, Col. Plaisted mentions that when a rebel color made its appearance out of the woods, Willie Parker, of Co. C, a mere boy, exclaimed: "That flag must now come down." After taking deliberate aim, seemingly for many seconds he fired and down came the flag. Among the names mentioned for their honorable conduct, are Capt. Hill of Co. F; Capt. Libby, Co. A; Lieuts. Rice, Co. G; Brann, Co. F; Holt, Co. A; Hume Co. I, and Sergeant Major Fox. Also Surgeons, Drs. Bates and Richardson, and Acting Quartermaster Sewall. The following is the official list of the killed, wounded and missing in the regiment:

KILLED.

Company A—Private Geo. Warren; Co. C, 2d Lieut. J. William West, private Jerry McCarty; Co. F, private Thos. C. Blaisdell, private Geo. Farren; Co. K, Corp'l Willis Maddocks, color guard.

WOUNDED.

Company A—Second Lieut. L. H. Holt, shoulder, slightly. Privates—Thos. F. Deray, ankle, severely; Calvin D. Moore, left breast, mortally; Edwin F. Collins, back, severely; Samuel Warren, arm, severely; David Morrison, both legs, severely; Jas. H. Durgin, back, severely; Samuel E. Kenniston, shoulder, slightly; Watson Kenniston, leg, slightly; John A. Bracket, arm, slightly; Benj. P. Bibber, leg, slightly; Elias P. Morton, side, slightly; Daniel A. Bean, arm, slightly; Geo. A. Bakeman, neck, slightly; Chas. E. Palmer, side, slightly.

Company C—Sergeant L. E. Newcomb, leg, slightly; Privates—B. D. Willey, side, slightly; J. M. Munson, arm, severely; E. C. Haycock, arm, severely; J. W. Cole, shoulder, severely; Richard Connor, face and hand, slightly; Leander Foster, back, slightly; Wm. F. Elwell, leg, slightly; Herrick Nash, leg, slightly; John F. Moore.

Company D—Private Thos. Blaine, hand, slightly.

Company F—Acting Lieut. Thos. A. Brann, leg, severely. Sergeants—A. Clark, hip, slightly; Jas. A. Scoullar, head, severely. Privates—John F. Meserve, arm, slightly; John E. Morrill, groin, slightly; David Philbrook, groin, dangerously; Geo. W. Kenniston, lung, mortally; J. W. Little, hand, severely; F. Hayden, ankle, slightly; E. Libbey, side, slightly; F. Scotney, left breast, dangerously.

Company G—Second Lieut. W. H. H. Rice, leg, dangerously. Private C. H. Bunker, leg, slightly.

Company H—Privates—Henry G. Prescott, hand, severely; Wm. A. Dill.

Company K—Privates—John Whitcomb, Jr., leg, severely; John H. Buzzell.

MISSING.

Company A—Private—C. Tuck.

Company C—Privates—John McWalter, Coffin S. Leighton.

Company D—First Sergeant Robert Brady; Sergeant F. T. Bassett; Corporal R. Dacon; Musician, Robert Strickland; Privates M. House, M. Sherman, Wm. Sherman.

Company F—Private John Flagg, Thos. Long, E. Wyer, A. Selden.

Company H—Corporal D. M. Dill; Privates L. F. Wilkins, S. W. Towle, C. L. Johnson.

Company K—Private Henry Moore, Jr.

☞ Capt. Davis Tilson, of the 2d Maine Battery, has been lately appointed Major of Maine Volunteer Artillery.

Official Report of the Maine Third. We publish below the official report of Col. Staples, of the Third Maine, to Col. Ward, commanding Gen. Birney's Brigade:

Headquarters 3d Reg't Me. Vols.,
Camp before Richmond, June 2, 1862.

Col. Ward, Commanding Birney's Brigade:

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements of the 3d Regiment, Maine Volunteers, in the engagement on the 31st ult., and 1st inst. During the attack on the left, on the 31st, my command was ordered to the front by Gen. Birney. We moved up the railroad by the flank, and occupied several positions on the right and left of the road during the afternoon, resting at night in line of battle, upon the first opening on the right of the railroad, above the bridge. On the morning of the 1st inst., we were ordered into the field on the left of the railroad, by Col. Ward, then commanding the Brigade.

We formed a line of battle under the edge of the woods, our right toward the railroad. The presence of the enemy in force in our front, was revealed by their terrific fire opened upon our skirmishers, under command of Maj. Burt, who checked them until our main body came up. By your order, we charged over the fence, and I am pleased to say, that the command was gallantly executed. The regiment, cheering continually, rushed on the enemy with such impetuosity, that they broke and fled at the first onset. We pursued them for a mile through wood and swamp, they endeavoring in vain to check us during their retreat, by a rapid fire. When across the Run, we met their reserve in large numbers on the top of an eminence. Our brave boys still advancing, threw themselves upon the ground half way up the hill, and fired upon them steadily, the rebels returning our fire with terrible effect at this point, and most of our casualties took place here. After silencing their fire, by your order, we retired and formed a line with the rest of the brigade, and after resting awhile, we again advanced, other regiments having meanwhile come to our relief. The left and left centre companies, were subjected to the hottest fire, and came most in conflict with the enemy. A list of casualties you will find enclosed.

I am pleased to say that the whole regiment did their duty nobly and bravely, and where all behaved so gallantly, no opportunity is left for individual praise. Too much praise cannot be awarded to both officers and men, for their coolness and bravery.

I have the honor to remain,
Very respectfully your ob't servant,
H. G. Staples,
Commanding 3d Me. Regiment.

The following is the list of the killed, wounded and missing, in the regiment as furnished by the Surgeon:

Company A—Bath. C. S. Morris, killed; N. C. Moore, severe wound of abdomen—will probably recover; J. W. Elwell, severe wound of neck and shoulder; J. B. Watson, severe wound of neck; E. P. Shaw, wound of right hip, not dangerous; Serg. C. A. Coombs, fracture of leg near the ankle; H. T. Francis, wound of thigh.

Co. B—Augusta. W. H. Lyon, flesh wound of upper part of thigh; F. Thompson, wound of head, considered mortal; H. Webb, wound of arm. Amputated near the shoulder; Serg. W. H. Briggs, severe flesh wounds of shoulder and thigh; Serg. J. P. Morrill, severe wound of right shoulder—extracted ball near spine; J. W. Murphy, wound of left shoulder; R. Hyde, wound of left shoulder; H. N. Leighton, wounds of knee and lower part of abdomen; C. F. Norris, severe wound of leg; E. W. Sanborn, flesh wound of thigh; F. White wound of hand.

Co. C—Gardiner. Lieut. H. P. Worcester, wound of left leg near the ankle—fracture of one of the bones—do not think he will lose his leg; Wm. Horn, wound of right leg below the knee—severe, but no bones fractured; Orin Weeks, severe wound of right shoulder; Charles H. Welch, fore finger amputated; Jas. F. Williams, severe wound of thigh but no bones fractured; Chas. H. Foy, wound of scalp; Willard Heath, killed; John C. Dalton, missing; Serg. H. C. Smith, severe wound right side of chest, lung injured; Serg. H. Babb, very dangerous wound in the neck.

Co. D—Bath. Lieut. A. S. Merrill, wound of left elbow; R. Dixon, severe fracture of the right arm, extending into the shoulder joint—removed five inches of the bone; S. B. Merry, wound of right shoulder; B. F. Brookings, wounds of chin and right arm; S. M. Higgins, wound of right thigh; H. K. Dunton, wound of left arm; N. F. Kinsman, wound of hand.

Co. F—Skowhegan. A. C. Bray, W. F. Meader, J. H. Gardiner, H. K. Noyes, killed; Serg. B. H. Hall, wound of abdomen, probably fatal; Serg. S. L. Gilman, severe wound of shoulder; Serg. W. L. Dunlap, wound of arm, fractured; G. R. Packard, arm amputated near shoulder; E. Thompson wound of right arm; G. S. Wing, same; G. F. Fowler, wound of left shoulder; H. C. Hamilton, slight wound of right hand; H. H. Chase, slight wound of leg.

Co. G—Waterville. J. E. Cole, killed.

Co. H—Waterville. R. Bryant, severe wound of left hip; E. McKinney, wound of knee.

Co. I—Augusta. J. Evans, severe wound of shoulder; G. H. Gordon, fracture of both legs, also ankle broke—severe—will probably die. (Dispatch of the 8th report that Gordon died on the way to Fortress Monroe;) Capt. Lakeman, wound of left arm, bones not fractured; John Lewis, killed; W. W. Cooper, two fingers shot off; E. Murphy, flesh wound of leg; J. Nelson, finger shot off; G. L. Fellows, finger shot; A. Nichols, severe wound of right shoulder; W. A. Brown, wound of shoulder; B. Branch, slight wound of arm; Lieut. G. B. Erskine, wound of ankle; Serg. J. Ballard, Corp. N. W. Jones, missing.

Co. K—Winthrop. Capt. Richmond, wound in the forehead, bone not fractured; A. G. H. Wood, slight wound of hip; H. S. Newell, slight wound of leg; H. Johnson, same; J. C. Hanson, slight wound of head; B. W. Smart, slight wound of abdomen; D. W. Philbrook, wound of neck, probably mortal; D. Freeman, wound of head, probably mortal; C. Bradbury, mortally wounded in the bowels; Lieut. Haskell, fracture of left thigh, great depression, will probably die; J. F. Gaslin, severe flesh wound of left leg; Serg. Penniman, severe wound of thigh; A. J. Woodbury, same.

The Masonic Celebration. From the Portland papers we learn that the arrangements are completed for the forthcoming celebration in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Masonry into this State, which takes place in that city on the 24th of this month. The chief features of the celebration will be a procession of the fraternity, consisting of the Grand Encampments of the Knight Templars of this and other States. The Grand Lodges of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and probably of Canada, and all the subordinate Lodges; and efforts will be made to have all the veteran Masons in the State participate in the celebration. Several bands are engaged for the occasion. An oration will be delivered after the procession has moved through the city, after which a collation will be served beneath a huge pavillion. The exercises of the day will be followed by an address and festival at the New City Hall, in which the ladies will be invited to participate. The occasion promises to surpass anything of the kind that ever took place in New England.

The Stereopticon. Meonian Hall was crowded on Saturday evening by those anxious to witness the last exhibition of the wonderful and magnificent Stereopticon in this city. The representations of buildings, ancient ruins, remarkable statuary, &c., was most magnificent and gave the utmost satisfaction to a cultivated and distinguished audience. Eminent artists and men of note in Boston, Philadelphia and other cities where it has exhibited, have subscribed to the wonderful beauty and accuracy of its representations of foreign objects, while those pictures exhibiting scenes and persons familiar to the audience will certainly fill the beholder with delight and confidence in their presentations. It goes to Bangor to-day—Tuesday—where we predict for it a generous welcome.

☞ The Farmington *Patriot* says that notwithstanding war times a large number of houses and stores are wanted in that village, and several are now being erected. It is also informed that Mr. Marston, who is recruiting in that vicinity for a company for the 16th regiment, is meeting with good success, and that the company will soon be full.

The Circus. The performances of the grand equestrian companies of Goodwin & Wilder and Mrs. Dan Rice, will come off in this city as announced in the bills, on Wednesday afternoon and evening of this week. We have no doubt the entertainment will be one of the best of its class and deserve a generous public patronage.

The War with the South. No. 5 of this illustrated work contains a splendidly engraved view of Fortress Monroe and its vicinity, and brings down the narrative of events of the War to the surrender of Fort Sumter. Published in monthly parts at 25 cents each, by Virtue & Co., New York. A. Woodward, Portland, agent for Maine.

☞ Recruiting for the 16th regiment is going on rapidly in various parts of the State.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Grand Advance.

On to Richmond, June 9th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Did you ever witness a battle? a regular marshalling of two belligerent forces who mix in and imbrue their hands with each others blood with as much gratification as they'd shoot woodcocks—where a continuous fire of shot and shell is kept up for hours and hours, and nobody is killed or wounded on *our* side, but the enemy is perfectly annihilated—where Zouaves stand bolt upright on their heads and fire 32-pounders between their legs, and gallant dragoons out-do all the feats of the hippodrome—where the militants draw near each other in the most hostile manner, and at the next moment are to be seen warmly embracing each other, apparently on the best of terms—where the heroic subalterns do all the fighting, and distinguished officers get all the glory—where "Greek meets Greek" and no more is heard "the voice of the turtle in the land"—where it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country, but sweeter and gloriouser yet to be made a Brigadier General—where 'tis true, "the bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves," but the grand design is to force, outflank and capture. All these things and many more go to make up a battle. I tell you what, if you never saw anything of the kind, you have lost a good deal; much more than I can express, even should I send it by Adams & Co. (My attic wit you see, still persists in showing itself.)

I, have seen a battle, smelt, heard, and tasted a battle, and I plume myself that I ought to know something about "grim-visaged war," as the poet calls it. I've got any quantity of cuts, fractures, and legs taken off, and throats cut from ear to ear by the rebel barbarians, as incontrovertible proofs that I've been in a fight. In fact, I'm in a fight now, as I write this—the fight of Grand Advance which has been expected to come off ever since the war begun and "no postponement on account of the weather." I tell you what, it's a terrible thing, this going to war, when men are so much in earnest that they kill each other. They however soon get used to it, and don't mind it at all after they have been killed once. I know of a brave fusileer by the name of Seth Baxter, who has been killed eight times, by some of us "Specials," and yet this very moment he is winging Seceshers at the rate of a hundred a minute, the bully boy. One gets accustomed to a good many things in war, you see. A sergeant the other day, during a skirmish had both of his feet shot off, and the surgeon, inadvertently in the excitement of the moment, amputated both of the sergeant's arms instead of his legs. Such mistakes however, occur so often, that nobody minds them at all. That's so!

The battle that is now raging is no scrubby affair. It is obvious to any dispassionate observor that the belligerents mean to hurt each other. The battle commenced in the early grey of morn, when our pickets were driven in and the long roll beaten. The enemy came sweeping down on our left flank, just as we were preparing to make a sortie on their *bouches a few*. (This is French. *Vide* your military dictionary if you don't understand. We "Specials" you know, pride ourselves on our familiarity with military terms and "ring them in" as often as possible.) I guess the enemy numbered as many as two, three hundred thousand men and a formidable abattis. How many we had, I am forbidden by the Censor from telling; but if you should guess three divisions and a *vidette*, you would not be far out of the way, and if I should tell you that we had a *corps d' armee*, (more French,) you would know exactly. They were bound to bag us you see, just as you would grip hold of something with your hand and say, "Now I've got you," you know, and we were bound to bag them in a somewhat similar manner, only instead of saying, "We've got you now," we should also add, "and mean to keep you, until you take the oath, and then let you go, so we can have the privilege of taking you again in another fight." You see I mean to be so clear, that you cannot fail to understand. Well, down came the enemy armed to the teeth with carronades, fusils, bombs, spontoons, cutlasses, battering rams and whole arsenals of munitions of war. Although we did not have as many weapons we all "were thrice-armed," because our quarrel's just, as Shakpeare has it, which leads me to remark incidentally, that there are good many who think they are Shakspeares, but they 'aint. We also had a lot of siege guns, big 100-pounders, though by their looks I'll bet they weighed a good many tons apiece. I guess our folks called them 100-pounders to deceive the enemy. (This is called strategy.) We also had a fine armament of bombs, (what do you think of that?) but they were all at Washington, because we didn't need them in making our sortie. They are curious looking kind of pontoons, though I have never seen any of them yet. The rebel conscripts threw forward their ambulances and deployed themselves in battle array. Time, 6.15. Their sappers and miners menaced our right wing, but our musketeers stood as firm as the rock of ages. The Phalanx Redoubtables, are worthy of special mention. Not one of them ever winked or blinked, as far I could see, and I looked at them with an eagle's eye through my field glass, because I wanted to satisfy myself how nobly they'd fulfil the promise they made before they left home. You remember they all said they'd never disgrace the flag which was given them, costing so my note book says, $75.37½, though the odd cents I believe were discounted because the right change couldn't be made, when the bill was settled—and they nobly kept their word. But, if they hadn't, I shouldn't have blamed them much, because, notwithstanding the using up of the rebel rams has made bunting scarce, the rebels let us have all the flags we can take. (You will perceive that my attic wit shows itself again. I hope you see the point.) No sooner had the conscripts come within range of our siege guns, than the 10th P. V.'s, the 720th M. V.'s and the 2d N. Y. V.'s, (this fraction is used because the corps is composed of one half of another regiment,) deployed to the right in a hollow square, and returned the enemy's fire by a terrific bombardment which lasted some seven hours, by an accurate chronometer, and the conscripts withdrew. Time 2.40. Loss on our side, none. Loss of the conscripts 5,000 killed, 10,000 wounded, and 1000 prisoners, who are extremely desirous of taking the oath, particularly Gen. Fire-eater, who wishes to get back to his command as soon as possible. The retreating column of the conscripts finding that they were not pursued, were rapidly reinforced, and occupying a favorable position, they opened a brisk and steady enfilade with their petards on our vanguards. One of our balloons was then sent up to discover their position, when the aeronaut's report was confirmed by the enemy appearing on our right in full force with Beauregard uninjured. The immortal B. waved in his hand a white flag.

"He wishes to surrender and take the oath," said one of our innocent epaulets.

"Gay deceiver," thought I, "he's not such a sardine as that!"

A squadron of sharpshooters was immediately detailed to meet the Phenix bird and his cohorts, when, just as I expected, the conscripts obliqued to the right and left, made a daring reconnoissance, and came down upon us with a fell swoop. (P. B. has made himself famous by this unique mode of strategy, as it is so well calculated to be attended with success.) Their famous onslaught was however promptly met by our braves by a *coup de main*, and a protracted siege which lasted one calendar month, and then terminated in a *cul de sac*. (French again.) During this period Beauregard was slain sixteen times, Richmond evacuated and burnt twenty-five times, the conscripts bagged seventy-five times, and Jeff Davis instead of taking the last train for Mexico, came to the conclusion that the war could be successfully carried on in Virginia for twenty years, whilst on our side the losses were immense; little Mac was superceded, Secretary Stanton had become a raving maniac, Washington taken, and Baltimore laid in ashes.

As soon as the battle is resumed I will let you know, killed or not. Meanwhile, "to be continued." I am yours, Adam Mudsill.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Dakota Territory.

Fort Randall, D. T., May 24, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—The gold mines of Washington and Dakota Territories are all the rage in the West just now, and papers reach us filled with extravagant stories about wonderful discoveries of gold in the "Far Northwest." Salmon River, Bitter Root Valley, The Black Hills, and the head waters of the Yellow Stone, are all the go. Already three boats carrying a number of adventurers, and loaded with miners' tools, supplies, and mill machinery, have gone up the river, and others are expected in a few days.

Perhaps the persons who are rushing in such haste to this new found gold region will not be disappointed, but it is a little curious that these wonderful discoveries, which, if made at all, must have been made as long ago as last fall, have never been made public until now. Yet I think that I can explain the mystery. A lot of adventurers and speculators, many of them persons who left the East for the best of reasons, have been long laying a plot to get up an excitement about gold, and thus make a speculation in "rich claims" and "corner lots." The plan is to raise a great hue and cry about gold just in time to get the excitement fairly started when the vast armies engaged in the war are likely to be discharged, when there will be thousands of men out of employment and ready to embark in such an enterprise. For months we have heard this scheme talked over, and of course the people of Dakota are interested in its success, for it will attract settlers and afford a ready market for their agricultural productions. But I have heard many of them acknowledge that they believed the whole thing to be a humbug.

The *Dakotan*, (a little paper published at Yankton,) advises its readers to hasten to the "diggings" before somebody else gets all the big chunks. A pretty good idea.

I have conversed with several persons who have prospected all through the "gold region." They say that they found gold in several places, but never in quantities to pay for digging. For my own part, I would much rather undertake to get gold by digging the soil of Iowa, for there is always treasure to be found by digging six inches below the surface of its fertile soil, and the labor of the industrious husbandman is always rewarded by golden harvests, while very few who embark in gold hunting expeditions succeed in bettering their condition.

The Territory of Dakota has been trying ever since the war commenced to raise troops to garrison this post, and has at last succeeded in raising one company of cavalry. They have been mustered into the service at the Territorial Capital, (Yankton,) and will be here tomorrow.

The "Iowa boys" here are anxious to go South, where they can take a more active part in aiding to suppress the rebellion, but it is very doubtful about our going, for the Government will not be apt to leave the fort in the hands of so small a garrison, surrounded as it is by thousands of savages who are only kept from hostilities by fear. These Indians are a curious race, and have many curious habits and superstitions. Among the most singular customs of the "Sioux," is their method of burying their dead (if hanging up to dry can be called burying). When one of their number dies, the body, together with the bow, arrows and other personal effects of the deceased, is carefully wrapped up in buffalo skins, blankets or canvass. They then convey it to the top of the highest bluff in the vicinity of their lodges, and having erected a scaffold by driving four forked stakes into the ground and covering over the top with small poles, they place the body upon it and secure the whole with a strong thong of rawhides. They never bury any person in the ground except those who suffer death as a penalty. A few days ago a body was found on the bank of the river, where it was washed out by the action of the water, and upon examination it proved to be a white person, and a female; and the fact that the body had been scalped, and otherwise mutilated proves at whose hands she met her death; but further than this it is a profound mystery. Can it be possible that these degraded, treacherous wretches are the same race of men that are so often represented as brave, generous and noble? If so, they are strangely degenerated.

Yours truly, Clark.

Dr. Lighthill. After a most successful professional visit of several months, Dr. Lighthill leaves this city for Skowhegan, where he may be consulted by those suffering from any diseases of the eye and ear or catarrhal affections, until the first of July. His numerous patients here will be glad to learn that he purposes to return to this city at a future day.

The following voluntary testimonials to his skill, have been handed us for publication:

Dr. Lighthill—*Dear Sir*: My little girl, some five years since had the scarlet fever, which left her with a very di

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Record of the War.

Desperate Battle between Fremont and Jackson—The Rebels Routed with heavy loss.

FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS, HARRISONBURG, VA., June 7. In the skirmish yesterday, beyond the town, the rebel loss is ascertained to have been very heavy. Most of our wounded have been brought in.

Col. Ashby, the famous rebel cavalry leader, is undobtedly killed. This is ascertained from people living near the battle-field and from prisoners. Major Green, of his regiment, was shot by Capt. Broderick of the New Jersey cavalry.

FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS, BATTLE-FIELD EIGHT MILES BEYOND HARRISONBURG, VA., June 8. Gen. Fremont has overtaken the enemy, of whom he was in pursuit for a week, forced him to fight, and driven him from his chosen position with heavy loss. He left Harrisonburg this morning, at six o'clock, and advanced in pursuit of Jackson by the road leading to Fort Republic, on the left of the turnpike to Staunton, seven miles beyond Harrisonburg.

The advanced guard discovered the enemy posted in the woods to the left and front, apparently in force. The artillery was sent to the front and commenced shelling without eliciting any reply. Jackson having at last been forced to make a stand with his whole army, had completely masked his position in the woods and ravines. Skirmishers and cavalry were sent forward. The whole column rapidly came up, and a line of battle, extending nearly two miles, was promptly formed under the direction of Col. Albert, chief of the staff.

Before it was completed Gen. Stahl, with the Garibaldi Guards, became engaged with the enemy on the extreme right, and forced him to fall back. At half past 12 a general advance was ordered, and the whole line moved forward. Gen. Milroy had the centre, Gen. Schenck the right, and Gen. Stahl, with all his brigade except the Garibaldi Guards, the front. General Blenker's, Gen. Bohlen's and Col. Steinwlasker's brigades composed the reserves.

The line moved down the slopes of three hills into the valley and up the opposite ascents, which at the summits were covered with woods. In the woods, and in belts, and in the heavy timber beyond the enemy were posted. Gen. Stahl on the left was first engaged. Generals Milroy and Schenck soon after found the enemy, and the battle almost immediately became general.

General Stahl, after Schrivener's battery had shelled the rebel position, advanced the 8th and 45th New York regiments through the woods into the open field, on the other side of which the enemy's right wing was concealed in the woods. The 8th advanced gallantly under a heavy fire, but being so long unsupported by the 45th and largely outnumbered, were finally forced to retire. Col. Witchell was severely wounded, and the whole regiment badly cut up, losing not less than 300, more than half its strength. The enemy's pursuit was checked by artillery, and Gen. Stahl finally withdrew his brigade to a stronger position, repulsing a flank movement, and holding his wing firmly. Gen. Milroy advanced his centre rapidly, the artillery fire compelling the enemy to give ground.

General Schenck on the right twice drove back the rebels who attempted to turn his position.

Along our whole line our artillery, under Col. Pilsonas' direction, was served with great vigor and precision, and the final success was largely due to its effect. The enemy suffered severely. One rebel regiment lost two-thirds of its number in attempting to capture Widsick's battery, which cut them to pieces with canister at 50 paces. The rebel batteries were repeatedly silenced and forced to abandon their position.

Col. Chuseret, with his weak brigade, took and held the centre of the enemy's position, and his encampment is there to-night.

Our forces were outnumbered at all points, but have occupied the rebel lines and forced them to retreat.

The loss is heavy on both sides, the enemy suffering especially from our artillery. The Garibaldi Guards lose nearly 200, and the 25th Ohio, 60. The total loss is estimated at from 600 to 800 in killed, wounded and missing.

The rebels fought wholly under cover, while our troops were forced to advance through open fields.

The enemy's advantage of position and numbers were counterbalanced and defeated by Gen. Fremont's skillful handling of his troops, and the coolness and determination with which he pressed his success. The fight was furious for three hours, and continued until nearly dark. Our army sleeps on the field of battle.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD, Camp near Port Republic, June 8—9 A. M.

To E. M. Staunton, Secretary of War: The army left Harrisonburg at 6 o'clock this morning, and at half-past 8 my advance engaged the rebels about seven miles from that place near Union Church. The enemy was very advantageously posted in the timber, having chosen his own position, forming a smaller circle than our own and with his troops formed *en masse*. It consisted undoubtedly of Jackson's entire force.

The battle began with heavy firing at 11 o'clock, and lasted with great obstinacy and violence until 4 in the afternoon, some skirmishing and artillery firing continued from that time until dark. Our troops fought occasionally under the murderous fire of greatly superior numbers, the hottest of the small arm fire being on the left wing, which was held by Staples' brigade, consisting of five regiments.

The bayonet and cannister shot were used freely and with great effect by our men. The loss on both sides is very great. Ours is very heavy among the officers. A full report of those who distinguished themselves will be made without partiality. I desire to say that both officers and men behaved with splendid gallantry, and that the service of the artillery was especially admirable.

We are encamped on the field of battle, and the fight may be renewed at any moment.

(Signed) J. C. FREMONT, Major-General.

Rebel loss on the Retreat from Corinth.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton:

CORINTH, June 9th. The enemy has fallen back to Tussilla, 50 miles by rail and 70 by wagon road. Gen. Pope estimates the rebel loss from casualties, prisoners and desertion over 20,000, and Gen. Buell estimates it at between 20,000 and 30,000.

A person who was employed in the Confederate commissary department says they had 120,000 men in Corinth, and that they now cannot muster over 80,000. Some of the fresh graves on the road have been opened and found filled with arms.

Many of the prisoners of war beg not to be exchanged, saying that they purposely allowed themselves to be taken. Beauregard himself retreated from Baldwin on Saturday afternoon to Okolona.

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK.

Nashville Threatened by the Rebels.

NEW YORK, June 12. The *Herald* has a letter from Louisville to the effect that rumors are rife that the rebel General Kirby Smith is marching from Knoxville across the mountains to Nashville, which is now in possession of our forces. A portion of the rebel troops at Corinth are reported to have been sent to reinforce Smith. On the contrary, it is stated that reinforcements have been sent to Gen. Dumont, the Federal commander at Nashville.

Fremont's Victory at Cross Keys.

FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS, PORT REPUBLIC, VA., June 10, 1862.

The army advanced early this morning in line of battle, but finding no enemy, proceeded in a column through the woods and over the country to Port Republic. Everywhere were evidences of the completeness of yesterday's success. The battle was fought at Cross Keys, and takes that name. The rebel loss was greatly superior to ours. They left their dead and many of their wounded on the field. Not less than 500 dead were found and many wounded. Two of their guns were left behind, which we captured this morning.

The rebel wounded were found in every house along the road.

The enemy retreated until midnight, and this morning their rear guard crossed the Shenandoah at this place and burnt the bridge.

HEADQUARTERS MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT, Port Republic, June 9—12 M., via Martinsburg, June 12.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton: There was no collision with the enemy after dark last night. This morning we renewed the march against him, entering the woods in battle order, his cavalry appearing on our flanks. Gen. Blenker had the left, Gen. Milroy the right, and Gen. Schenck the centre, with a reserve of Gen. Stahl's brigade and Gen. Bayard's.

The enemy was found to be in full retreat on Port Republic, and our advance found his rear guard barely across the river and the bridge in flames. Our advance came on so suddenly that some of his officers remaining on this side escaped with loss of their horses. A cannonading during the forenoon apprised us of an engagement, and I am informed here that Jackson attacked Gen. Shields this morning, and after a severe engagement, drove him down the river and is now in pursuit. I have sent an officer with a detachment of cavalry to open communication with Gen. Shields.

This morning's detachments were occupied in searching the grounds covered by yesterday's action at Cross Keys for our remaining dead and wounded. I am not yet fully informed, but think that 125 will cover our loss in killed, and 500 that in wounded. The enemy's loss we cannot clearly ascertain. He was engaged during the night in carrying off his dead and wounded in wagons.

This morning, on our march, upward of 200 of his dead were counted in one field, the greater part badly mutilated by cannon shot. Many of his dead were also scattered through the woods, and many had been already buried. A number of prisoners had been taken during the pursuit.

I feel myself permitted to say that all our troops, by their endurance of this severe march, and their splendid conduct in the battle, are entitled to the President's commendation.

The officers throughout behaved with great gallantry and efficiency, which requires that I should make particular mention of them, and which I trust will receive the particular notice of the President.

As soon as possible I will send a full report, but in this respect I am unable to make any more particular distinction than that pointed out in the description of the battle.

Respectfully,
(Signed) J. C. FREMONT,
Major General Commanding.

Successes in East Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, June 12. A dispatch from Gen. Negley to Gov. Johnson announces the success of his expedition to East Tennessee. He took eighty prisoners, including a number of prominent citizens, a drove of cattle, and a large number of horses intended for the rebel army.

The defeat of Gen. Adams' rebel force in Sweeden's Cave was more complete than was represented at first. Adams escaped without hat, sword or horse. The rebel batteries at Chatanooga were silenced on the 7th, after a heavy cannonading of three hours.

Our forces opened fire the next day, and continued it six hours on the town, driving the enemy out of his works and forcing him to evacuate the city. They burned the railroad bridges to prevent pursuit.

Evacuation of East Tennessee by the Rebels.

NEW YORK, June 13. The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch says Representative Maynard of Tennesse has received a dispatch from Governor Andy Johnson to-night to the effect that the rebels are reported to be retreating from Cumberland Gap towards Chattanooga. If so, East Tennessee is at last freed and Gen. Morgan can immediately take possession.

Desperate Fighting between Shield's and Jackson's Forces.

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1862. Advices received at the War Department state that Jackson's army attacked Gen. Shield's advance, on Monday morning near Port Republic. The conflict is said to have been maintained for four hours by about 2,000 of our men against the main body of General Jackson's army.

The enemy's force became so overwhelming in numbers that our advance was compelled to fall back, which it did in good order, until it met the main body of Gen. Shield's command near Courat's store. As soon as this was effected the enemy retired. The fighting is said to have been very severe, and the loss heavy on both sides. No further particulars have reached the Department.

A private letter states that Gen. Shields had previously succeeded in destroying a large quantity of supplies belonging to the Rebels, found at Walford and Courat's store.

LURAY, Tuesday, June 10, via Washington, June 11.

Col. Carroll, commanding the 5th brigade, consisting of the 84th Pennsylvania, 11th Pennsylvania, 7th Indiania, and 1st Virginia, altogether about 1,600 strong, reached Port Republic on Sunday, reconnoitered, found the enemy in town, and had a skirmish. He concluded to hold the bridge, ordered it not to be burned, and put guns in position commanding it.

At 6 A. M., Monday, he was opened on by some twenty heavy guns placed in position during the night. Our forces tried to reach the bridge repeatedly to destroy it, but were met by showers of bullets, and had to retire. A large cavalry force crossed and attacked our troops, while their infantry followed.

Our men opposing them at every step, often driving them back with heavy loss; but the numbers after Gen. Tyler's brigades arrived were so much inferior to the enemy—there being at least five to one—that it was impossible to hold our position, and we were compelled to fall back, our boys fighting every foot of the way.

After falling back some three or four miles, a body of cavalry were sent to attack us, but they were received in such manner as to compel them to retire, when the engagement ended, having lasted five hours. Our loss in killed and wounded is not known, but it is large, as is also that of the enemy. We lost a large number of prisoners.

This was one of the most hotly-contested engagements of the whole war, as indicated by the loss compared with the whole number engaged. The men fought like demons.

Charleston Reinforced—Batteries taken by Storm.

NEW YORK, 14th. The *Tribune's* Washington despatch by steamer Massachusetts at Fortress Monroe, from Beaufort, S. C., says we have news from the neighborhood of Charleston.

The Massachusetts stopped several hours off Stono Inlet, where it was told that Gen. Hunter's army was on James Island, and found unexpectedly a large rebel force, about 25,000, supposed to be from Corinth, and it was rumored that Beauregard was with them.

There had been some fighting, in which the New York 79th and Massachusetts cavalry distinguished themselves.

Several batteries had been taken by storm, and a general engagement is thought imminent. Our forces were then within three or four miles of Charleston to make an attack.

Our Fleet Blockading Vicksburg.

The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch says the Dacotah which arrived at Fortress Monroe yesterday, brings despatches from Flag-Officer Farragut at New Orleans June 2d. He went to Vicksburg in the Richmond, but returned without attacking the place, leaving a number of gunboats as a blockading squadron. The town is under their guns, but it lies rather high above the river for assault. It will, however, be captured before many days.

The Enemy's Movements Before Richmond.

WASHINGTON, 14th. Despatches received today at the War Department state that a demonstration was made yesterday evening by a force of rebel cavalry and artillery on the right flank of Gen. McClellan's army at Tunstall's Station apparently with the intention of interrupting his railroad communication. The attempt was met by a force of infantry. The enemy retreated. No damage was done to the railroad.

A despatch from Gen. McClellan's army dated to-day, says: The movements of the enemy today have been extensive, and, as yet, are involved in mystery. Large bodies of men have been seen moving down from the neighborhood of Mechanicsville bridge and Richmond towards the late battlefield. Our pickets were yesterday driven in from Old Church, during which Capt. Royald of the cavalry was wounded, showing that the enemy designs making a demonstration in that direction.

A contraband who came in yesterday reports that 30,000 cavalry left Richmond on Wednesday, going in the direction of Fredericksburg. This is probably the force that appeared at Old Church. The rebels opened at daylight this morning a sharp fire from artillery in front of Gen. Sumner. It lasted about three hours. We had one killed and one wounded.

Gen. Shield's Repulse at Port Republic.

NEW YORK, 15th. A Washington dispatch to the *Post* says an officer who was in the battle at Port Republic, doing duty in advance of General Shield's brigade, has arrived here. He says he received positive orders not to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah. Our entire loss in the fight, of killed, wounded and prisoners did not exceed one thousand, 156 of whom were killed and 300 wounded. The regiments engaged in the fight were the 7th Indiana and the 5th, 7th and 29th Ohio. Col. Buckley is missing.

It is stated that at the Port Republic fight the enemy's loss was very heavy, 400 of their dead, by actual count, was found unburied in one field. From the number of dead found scattered in other parts of the battle ground, it is believed that there are 200 more of their dead on the field, making their loss in killed 600 besides officers whose bodies were carried away. Gen. Stewart was killed, Gen. Elsir, Col. Haughton mortally wounded, and Gen. Jackson wounded, in the wrist.

FRONT ROYAL, 15th. The Union force engaged in the fight at Port Republic last Monday was mostly composed of Western men who did their duty nobly, fighting a foe five times their number for over five hours. Had the 1st and 2d brigades been enabled to reach the scene of action, an entirely different result would have ensued. After the fight it is understood that Jackson took the road toward Stanardsville, passing through the Gap of the Blue Ridge in line towards Gordonsville, at which point there is railroad communication to Richmond.

Foreign News.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Africa from Liverpool and Queenstown May 31st and June 1st arrived at Halifax June 11.

Great Britain. In the House of Commons on the 29th, Mr. Lindsay gave notice that on the 27th of June he should call the attention of the House to the relations of England with the United States and also with the Confederate States of America.

The same gentleman moved for a return of the number of iron clad vessels built and building.

The London *Times* again indulges in a warm editorial on the financial crisis, which, sooner or later must, it argues, occur in America. It must overtake every nation and every individual who believe in the creation of wealth from any source except honest and persevering labor.

The New York correspondent of the London *Times*, writing under date of May 16, considers Gen. Hunter's proclamation as valuable to the Confederates as an army of half a million of men, and says it will make every man and boy in the South a soldier, and have corresponding effect in Kentucky and other border States. There are probably thirty thousand men from the border States in Gen. Halleck's army who would either lay down their arms or go over to the Confederates if the President endorses the proclamation.

The *Post* considers the news from the Southwest as favorable to the Confederates, and says: "Beauregard continues to fortify his position at Corinth and receive reinforcements, while the silence both of the Federal Government and the press is ominous. It is whispered that a large portion of Halleck's army is laid prostrate by sickness. If this is so, the caution of the Government is intelligible. Gen. Hunter, when he was about it, might have declared the abolition of slavery throughout the Confederacy, and the effect would have been about the same. The President must quash the manifesto, or in common consistency enfranchise the slaves in the other States in which he has been enabled to gain a foothold.

France. Report says that Capt Bonaparte Patterson, who is serving in the Mexican expedition, is in high favor with the Emperor, and it is conjectured that he may prove a more acceptable candidate, as King or President of the Mexicans, than an Austrian Prince.

Italy. The government wishing to put an end to agitation, had decreed that the proceedings of rifle societies should be suspended in Lombardy.

Garibaldi had arrived at Como. In reply to the congratulations of the people, he made a conciliatory speech with reference to the different sections of Italians.

Spain. The session of the Spanish Cortes will be extended on account of the Mexican question.

The *Correspondencia* contradicts the report that Prim will be nominated Ambassador to Mexico.

The Paris *Pays* state that a note has been addressed to the English and Spanish governments by the French government, explaining the conduct of France, and stating that the latter government would consider itself released from the obligations of the conventions entered on, if the allies treated directly with Juarez.

The *Patrie* asserts that Spain will concur diplomatically in bringing about a solution of the question.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

The steamer China from Liverpool and Queenstown 7th and 8th inst. arrived off Cape Race on the 14th. She made the passage from Queenstown to Cape Race in 5 days and 18 hours.

Both branches of the Parliament had adjourned for a week on account of Whitsun holidays.

Mr. Pearson, the owner of the steamship Circassian, has published a letter asserting that his vessel really had nothing contraband of war on board, that she was legitimately chartered for a voyage from Bordeaux to Havana, and that she was within twenty miles of her destination when seized by the Federal cruiser. He says her draft of water precluded her entrance into any Confederate port; hence it was impossible that she should run the blockade.

The rates at Lloyds for steamers running the blockade are from thirty to forty guineas. Some policies recognize six months' detention from seizure equivalent to a total loss.

Lord Brougham, in his inaugural address at the meeting of the Social Science Association, expatiated on the American question, pointing out the prowess of a democracy for war. He warmly complimated the Federal Government for the new slave trade treaty, which he regards as the last blow to the traffic.

There is a rumor that Napoleon contemplated the permanent establishment of French influence in Mexico, by means of a Protectorate.

LATEST.

The Paris *Monitcur* of Saturday contains a notification of the blockade of the Mexican ports Tampico and Alvarado.

Latest—*Paris* 8th. The *Constitutional* publishes an article on America, signed Lemoine, showing the improbability of the South being conquered, and maintaining their mediation alone, will succeed in ending a war disastrous alike to the interest of humanity and Europe.

At the request of the Atlantic Telegraph Company the admiralty has ordered the steamer Pocupine to prepare to take soundings. It will be ready in about ten days.

BARBARISM OF THE REBELS. The correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*, five miles north of the crossing of the Little Red River Arkansas, on the Des Arc Road, May 23, speaking of a company belonging to Gen. Osterhaus, whose Division was in advance of the army at that point, which was sent out as a picket to protect a foraging party, says:

"They were attacked by a band of between five and six hundred Rebels, and, before they could be reinforced by the others, the whole of them were either killed or wounded, except one man. Seven or eight were killed at the first fire, and eight more of the wounded were either shot, stabbed, or their throats cut, after they were entirely helpless from wounds, and in many cases had asked for mercy, but were told that they neither asked nor gave any quarter. This was done very speedily, the Rebels carrying off their wounded with them. As soon as this was known in camp, a surgeon and ambulances were sent out to take care of the wounded men, and next morning the surgeon was found hung to a tree, and literally hacked to pieces by sabers. But this chapter of barbarian atrocities is not quite full. The Drum Major of the 17th Missouri, who had for some reason accompanied the expedition, was found murdered, and his ears cut off close to his head, and his tongue cut by the roots.

☞ On the 4th of March, 1861, when President Lincoln was inaugurated, the Government vessels available for service were only four in number, carrying 25 guns. Our navy now consists of 264 vessels of all sizes, carrying 2,057 guns, with an aggregate tunnage of 318,016 tuns. The number of seamen now employed is 22,000.

☞ The Seward-Lyons treaty for the suppression of the African slave-trade was officially promulgated on the 10th inst. It is to remain in full force for the term of ten years. Instructions for the ships of the United United States and British navies, and regulations for the mixed courts of justice, accompany the publication.

☞ Gen. Mitchell, penetrating into the northwestern corner of Georgia, has defeated the Rebels at Chattanooga, and captured their baggage, ammunition and supplies. Chattanooga is a very important point, being on the great line from New-Orleans to Richmond; and also the western terminus of the road from Charleston.

☞ The Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, one of the chief fomenters of the rebellion, is now severely harsh upon what it calls the incompetent leaders of the Southern people. It aims especially at Jeff Davis, and stirs him up with particular venom. Secrecy and blind confidence, it says, has been the bane of the Rebellion.

☞ Col. Ellett, in command of the Ram Fleet at Memphis, is the Charles D. Ellet, Civil Engineer, whose pamphlets criticising Gen. McClellan and urging the construction of the steam rams and iron-clad vessels some time ago, gained him considerable notoriety.

☞ The Rockland *Free Press* states that the house and barn occupied by Mr. Alexander Kiff, on Pleasant street, in that place, together with a horse, cow, two pigs, and about seventy dollar's worth of paper rags, were destroyed by fire last week. Loss about $1000; insurance $400.

☞ Col. Geo. F. Shepley of Maine, who is at present Military Commandant of New Orleans, has, upon the recommendation of Gen. Butler, been appointed Military Governor of Louisiana.

☞ David L. Stevens, a prominent ship master of Castine, was found dead under a wharf at that place on Tuesday of last week. His age was nearly 55. The cause of his death is unknown.

☞ Col. H. G. Staples of the 3d Maine Regiment is Acting Brigadier General during the arrest of General Birney, commanding the Brigade of which the 3d forms a part.—*Kennebec Journal*.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$5 50 to 6 00		Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00	
Corn Meal,	75 to 80		Mutton,	6 to 10	
Rye Meal,	1 00 to 0 00		Turkeys,	10 to 12	
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00		Chickens,	10 to 12	
Rye,	80 to 85		Geese,	7 to 10	
Corn,	65 to 68		Clover seed,	10 to 13	
Beans,	2 25 to 2 50		Herdsgrass,	2 25 to 2 35	
Oats,	40 to 43		Red Top,	75 to 80	
Potatoes,	25 to 35		Hay,	8 00 to 10 00	
Dried Apples,	6 to 8		Lime,	70 to 75	
Cooking "	40 to 50		Fleece Wool,	35 to 40	
Winter "	67 to 100		Pulled Wool,	40 to 42	
Butter	14 to 15		Sheep Skins,	75 to 100	
Cheese,	8 to 10½		Hides,	5½ to 6	
Eggs,	10 to 12		Calf Skins,	10 to 11	
Lard,	12 to 13		Lamb Skins,	25 to 40	
Round Hog,	$6 00 to 7 00				

BRIGHTON MARKET—June 13.

At market, 650 Beeves, 200 Stores, 1600 Sheep and Lambs and 2500 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $7,00; first quality $6,75; second do., $6,50; third do. $4,75 @ 5,50.

Working Oxen—$100, 120, 130, @ $162.

Milch Cows—$43 @ $46; common $19 @ $20.

Veal Calves—$4 @ $6,00.

Yearlings—$8 @ $9; two years old $18 @ $19; three years old $21 @ $23.

Hides—6 @ 6½c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 6c @ 6½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—50 cts., and unsheared $2,00.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,50 @ $3,00; extra 3,75, 4 00 @ 4 50.

Swine—Stores wholesale 3½ @4 c.; retail 5 @ 5c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—Market quite active at an advance of ½ to ¾c from last week's sales. Large portion of the Cattle sold on Tuesday. A few very extra Cattle sold as high as $7,25 ℔ 100 lbs., allowing the shrink. Sheep and Lambs sell from 25 to 50c ℔ head higher than last week. Swine are dull.

BOSTON MARKET....June 14.

FLOUR—We quote common brands Western at $4 25; fancy brands $4 50; extras $4 65 @ $5 00; and superior at $5 62½ including choice brands of St. Louis. Southern Flour is quiet, with no sales to notice.

CORN—Western mixed, 60 @ 61c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 45 @ 50c ℔ bushel.

RYE—83c ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $14.

NEW YORK MARKET....June 16.

Flour—State and Western 5 cents lower, with small sales—Superfine State $4 10 @ $4 20; extra State $4 40 @ $4 45; round hoop Ohio $5 @ $5 10; superfine western $4 10 @ $4 20; common to good extra western $4 40 @ $4 90. Southern firmer—mixed to good $4 80 @ $5 00; fancy and extra $5 65 @ 6 75

Wheat opened firmer and 1 a 2 cents better—Chicago spring $1 02; Milwaukie club $1 @ $1 05; red winter western $1 11 @ $1 15. Canada club 90c @ $1 00.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western 52c @ 53c.

Special Notices.

The U. S. Pension Office has been removed from Portland to Augusta. All communications addressed to C. F. POTTER, Esq., the U. S. Pension Agent, will meet with a prompt reply.

LIST OF DOCT. GIFFORD'S HOMŒOPATHIC CURATIVES.

PHILIP LEE, Proprietor.

Depot, No. 136 William street, New York.

No. 1—CURES FEVER, Congestion, and Inflammation.
2—CURES WORM FEVER.
3—CURES COLIC Teething, Slow Growth, and Feebleness of Infants.
4—CURES DIARRHŒA.
7—CURES COUGHS, Colds, Hoarseness.
8—CURES NERVOUS Affections.
9—CURES HEADACHE.
10—CURES DYSPEPSIA, Heartburn, Acidity, and Weak Stomach.
11—CURES SUPPRESSED MENSES
12—CURES LEUCORRHŒA, or Whites.
13—CURES CROUP.
14—CURES SALT RHEUM.
15—CURES RHEUMATISM.
17—CURES PILES, Internal or External.
18—CURES OPHTHALMIA, weak or Inflamed Eyes, or Eyelids.
19—CURES CATARRH, Acute or Chronic, Dry or flowing, Cold in the head, Influenza.
20—CURES WHOOPING COUGH.
22—CURES EAR DISCHARGES, Noise in the head, Im; airing Hearing.
23—CURES SCROFULA, Enlarged Glands and Tonsils.
24—CURES GENERAL DEBILITY.
27—CURES URINARY DISEASES.
28—CURES SEMINAL EMISSIONS, Involuntary Discharges, and consequent Prostration and Debility.
30—CURES URINARY INCONTINENCE, Wetting the bed.
34—CURES BILLIOUSNESS, as Want of Appetite, Loss of spirits, Jaundice, Constipation, and Liver Complaints.
38—CURES CHRONIC COUGHS.

The Boxes are neatly put up, and contain about sixty large Medicated Sugar Pills, with full directions for taking, accompanying them, price 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Vial Cases, which are of Morocco, contain 15, 20, 30, or 40 Vials—prices, $4, $5, $7, $9.

The Symptoms of Disease, and Method of Treatment, are given in a Manual accompanying the Medicine, or which will be forwarded free on application.

☞ Address all orders to PHILIP LEE, 136 William street, New York, inclosing the price, in bank-note or postage stamps, and the Curatives will be sent to any part of the country, *free of charge*. Or they can be had of F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta, Agent, at the above prices.

The Greatest Improvement of the Age is the MAGIC LOTION.

It will stop the nervous and sun headache.
It will cure the Neuralgia pains in 15 minutes.
It will strengthen the spine.
It will cure the Rheumatism.
It will stop a cough.
It is the best medicine for coughs and colds and pains in the stomach ever invented—cures Dyspepsia and strengthens the whole system. It is recommended by some of the members of the Legislature in Augusta, and many of the M. Ds throughout the country.

H. H. HAY, wholesale agent, Portland, Me.
21tf DR. E. C. BOWKER, Boston, Mass.

CONFESSION AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a warning and caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, SINGLE COPIES may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford,
1y13 Kings county, N. Y.

☞ If you love *pure, delicious Honey*, don't fail to read the advertisement in another column, headed Honey! Honey!

Married.

In Augusta, June 12th, by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, Sewall Fuller to Margaret W. Leavitt, both of Augusta.

In Bangor, June 8th, by B. Kimball, Esq., Robert G. Blake to Hannah S. Clark, both of Franklin.

In Portland, William O. Fox to Georgiana Carter.

In Scarborough, Samuel B. Packard to Susie S. Shaw.

In Saco, William D. Guilford to Christiana P. Googins.

Died.

In Augusta, June 5th, Capt. Charles Simmons, aged 50 years 6 months: June 11th, of diptheria, Francena, daughter of Ekanah and Deborah Miller, aged 15 years 10 months.

In this city, 7th inst., Mary Ann, wife of Martin Peaslee, aged 40 years; Celia P., wife of Dennis Getchell, aged 65 years; June 15th, Louisa, daughter of Artemas Kimball, Esq., aged about 28 years.

In Palmyra, May 24, Mrs. Lovey Miles, aged 76 years.

In New Sharon, June 8th, Herbert Goodrich, only child of Charles H. and Ellen G. Dyer, aged 1 year 5 months.

In Sumner, May 31, Jotham S. Devenport, aged 58 years,

In Portland, David Newbegin, aged 72 years.

In Saco, Joseph Boulter, aged 69 years.

In Calais, 13th inst., Francis Swan, Esq., formerly of Winslow, aged 77.

AGRICULTURAL.

For Buckwheat and Turnips, as a Top-dressing on Grass lands for a second crop, for Winter grain Crops, use

L. S. Hoyt's Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphate of Lime,

A substitute for Peruvian Guano, put up in bags of 150 pounds each, at $3.38 per bag, or $45 per ton. Many years' trial of this Fertilizer upon all kinds of crops and soils, has proved its value each year, and that it is of uniform quality.

Also Guano, Bone dust, Poudrette, &c., for sale by

J. M. & P. RICHARDS,
2m27 Dealers in Fertilizers, No. 111 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

WOODRUFF'S IMPROVED WEATHER INDICATOR.

Cheapness, Accuracy, Simplicity, Durability and Portability Combined.

Every farmer should have one of these Instruments. More than 1900 sold in one county within a year.

Intelligent and reliable men wanted to act as Local and Traveling agents in every county in the State of Maine, Kennebec only excepted.

For description of the Barometers, prices and other particulars address, with letter stamp enclosed, J. G. HOLCOMB, Manufacturers' Agent, Augusta, Me.
Augusta, June 16, 1862. 27

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1862.*

PHEBE WHARFF, widow of Joseph Wharff, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for Commissioners to be appointed to assign to her dower in the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy.—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 27*

MISS D. E. PRAY,

Medical Clairvoyant and Phrenologist,

Continues her practice of describing diseases and prescribing for the sick, at her residence, No. 19 SEWALL Street.

She also keeps a supply of Vegetable Medicines to suit the various diseases, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diptheria, Fevers and Consumption. 3m27

TAXES.

The Tax Bills of the City of Augusta for 1862, have been committed to me for collection, and I am authorized by a vote of the City Council to discount 10 per cent. upon all Taxes paid (except Poll,) on or before the third day of July next, and 6 per cent. from the third day of July till the second day of November next. And that upon all poll taxes remaining unpaid ten days after the third day of July, be collected by legal measures.

To accommodate citizens upon the West side of the river, I shall occupy a desk in the Bookstore of E. Fenno, on the four last days of the 10 per cent. discount.

THOMAS LITTLE, Collector.
Augusta, June 16, 1862. 27

THE SILVER CHIME.

MR. ROOT'S new collection of SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES, Tunes, Chants, Hymns &c., to which is added the Cantata of the Christian Graces, designed for Concerts, Anniversaries, Celebrations, &c.

Send 5 three cent stamps, for specimen copy, to the publishers,

HENRY TOLMAN & CO.,
3w27 No. 291 Washington street, Boston.

HONEY! HONEY!

How to make a new article of ARTIFICIAL HONEY, equal to Bee's in *every respect*, and at a cost of but 6 cents per pound. Agents are making from $3 to $12 per day by its sale. Any family can make it.

Full particulars *free to everybody* who will address
6m27* G. G. BERRY, North Strafford, N. H.

WOOL CARDING

AND CLOTH DRESSING.

The subscriber continues to Card Wool and Dress Cloth at his old stand. Having the best of machinery, trusts he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

JOSEPH KEITH.
Keith's Mills, Chesterville, June 7, 1862. 7w27

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Darius B. Smith and Harrison N. Smith, minor heirs of Sophia Smith, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that said minors are seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:—All the interest of said wards in the homestead farm of William Johnson, late of Monmouth, deceased. That an advantageous offer has been made for the same, which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be placed at interest for the benefit of said wards. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer.

FRANCIS E. WEBB.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of June, 1862.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 27*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Julia A. Gordon, Nelson D. Gordon, Joseph L. Gordon, Mary E. Gordon, Sarah E. Gordon, and Stephen O. A. Gordon, minor heirs of Stephen Gordon, late of Readfield, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that said minors are seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:—All the interest of said wards in the homestead farm of the said Stephen Gordon, deceased. Also in the Shepard lot, so called, containing about forty acres, both parcels situate in said Readfield. And also in pew No. 32, in the Free Chapel, near Dunn's corner, in Mount Vernon. That an advantageous offer of four hundred and fifty dollars, and arrangements and agreements for the support of the minors, has been made for the same, which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be placed at interest for the benefit of said wards. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer.

LOVINA GORDON.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of June, 1862.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 27*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF WARREN P. CUMMINGS. Executor on the estate of Joseph Cummings, late of Belgrade, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the legacies under the will of the deceased by the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Belgrade, and described as follows, viz: The homestead farm of the deceased. That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that an advantageous offer has been made to him for said real estate, of four thousand dollars, and that the interest of all concerned

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassles—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah good painter, you can't paint sound!)—
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all abush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
Oh, if I could only make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign greatness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrunk to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother,—(take the good heed)—
Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, oh, with such logic-cel, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know,
That you on the canvass are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the Heavens your name I'll shout,
If you'll paint me the picture and leave that out.

—*Atlantic Monthly.* ALICE CAREY.

Our Story-Teller.

CAPT. L—— AND MRS. D——.

In the city of Baltimore lives a lady named—No, we will keep back the real name from publication, and give only an assumed initial, calling her Mrs. D——.

Mrs. D—— is the wife of a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits. He is neither rich nor socially ambitious; though, by carefulness and attention to business, he has accumulated some property, and lives in good style for a man of his means.

Mrs. D—— is very much unlike her husband in some respects. Social ambition is one of her weaknesses. In marrying Mr. D——, whose father had been a mechanic, she felt that she was letting herself down; but as a puny scion of an old aristocratic family that was decaying for lack of both moral and intellectual force, she wisely accepted the chance of being ingrafted on a more vigorous stock, even though, in her estimation, the quality were inferior. Of this, however, a fair difference of opinion may exist.

By birth and education Mrs. D—— considered herself a "lady." That is, a person of superior quality—made of finer stuff—than the great body of the people; and, for this advantage, entitled to deference and service from those who were to be graded below her. Toward all persons who ranked in the same grade with her husband, Mrs. D—— assumed an air of dignified superiority that offended some and imposed upon others. Assumption always carries weight with a class. Her poverty before marriage—for the family had about exhausted itself by extravagance, dissipation and want of thrift—had separated her from many early friends; and her marriage with a son of a mechanic, though a strong, true, and rising man, had caused others to drop an acquaintance which had not for some time been looked upon as desirable.

For some years after her marriage, Mrs. D——, whose husband could not afford display in living, found it hard work to maintain her standing with any portion of the proud exclusives with whom it was her ambition to associate. Still she was ever at the gate, gliding in upon all occasions and holding a place by intrusion if not under acknowledged right. By flattery she kept in favor with some, and through them drew to the side of others, whose repellant coldness would have held a sensitive and truly independent mind far in the distance.

Such was Mrs. D——. As her husband's means increased, she pressed him closely for a more liberal dispensation thereof at home. To this he yielded, even beyond his own judgment; but never to an extent that touched his safety. She dressed extravagantly; but he saw that her bills did not exceed a certain sum that could be afforded. Gradually, through elegance of attire and assumed importance, Mrs. D—— widened her sphere among the exclusives, and, in a corresponding degree, drew off from certain excellent people, held as inferior, who had rather tolerated than enjoyed her society.

Thus it stands with Mrs. D—— at the present writing. To sum her up in a sentence, she is weak, badly educated, proud, vain, unrefined; the representative of a class of women who imagine themselves vastly superior to other people, but who have scarcely a claim to a true womanhood—who call themselves *ladies par excellence*, yet have scarcely a lady-like quality. Mr. D——, on the contrary, is a man in the true sense. Honorable, brave enough to be independent and outspoken in the face even of public opinion, and with sufficient force of character to maintain himself in any right action at home or abroad. His wife has learned not only to respect him, but to stand aside when he asserts his will.

To certain women in Baltimore, belonging to this equivocal class, a new excitement afforded itself in the presence of the United States soldiers, who did the good work of saving that city from self-destruction, as we save a madman by chains. Treason foiled was splenetic in its impotence. Prudence sealed the lips and regulated the public conduct of large numbers of men whose hearts beat pulse for pulse with the open enemies of their country, and, who, in all possible ways, gave them aid and comfort; but women could venture upon a larger liberty, and to their discredit must it be recorded, that some who dressed in "silks and gay attire," wore gold and diamonds, rode in splendid carriages, and claimed to be ladies of the first water, stooped to acts of rudeness and vulgarity that would shame a market-woman. Unprovoked insults were offered to soldiers and officers in the street by these women, who even spat upon them in many instances; thus showing the depraved quality of their minds. Foremost in the practice of these indignities was Mrs. D——, who was encouraged by the class among whom she visited.

One day, fired by the almost insane malice of half a dozen free-thinking women, with whom she had been in conference, Mrs. D——, in company with a friend, started forth to enjoy the pain of soldiers and officers subjected to wanton insults, which, because offered by women, they could not resent. Passing a soldier, Mrs. D—— purposely dropped her lace-bordered handkerchief. The soldier, under an impulse of politeness—at home he moved in quite as good, and certainly in a more cultivated society than the lady—stepped forward, and lifting the handkerchief from the pavement, offered it to Mrs. D——. There was an instant flash of contempt on her face, and a strong upward curl of her lip. She drew herself back for a moment, like one in surprise at a rudeness, then taking the handkerchief between the tips of her thumb and finger, she held it far from her, like something infected, and, moving to the curb-stone dropped it in the muddy gutter. Not deigning to glance back at the soldier, she swept away with an air of dignified hauteur that to her mind, was worthy of a princess. A jeering laugh from some vulgar fellows added to the soldier's momentary feeling of discomfiture.

Proud of her shame, Mrs. D—— swept down the street. In the next block she encountered an officer. Throwing upon him a look of supreme contempt, Mrs. D—— swerved from the right line of her course, and avoided him by taking a quick circle, that brought her crowding up against a merchant's show-window.

"One of your vile women, in gala dress," remarked the officer to a loyal citizen with whom he was walking.

"No, she is the wife of a Baltimore merchant," was replied—"a Mrs. D——."

"Formerly a servant-maid, or a woman of the lowest class, judging from her manners."

"No; Mrs. D—— is from one of our best families."

"Heaven save the mark!" ejaculated the officer. "If she represents the best, of what style and quality must your worst be? But really, I thought her a woman of the town, and it was on my lip to address her in old Ben Johnson's salutation to the lady of rank who ventured a wanton insult—

"In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot—
Good-morning madam!"

"I wish you had done so," was replied. "It might have suggested the bad reputation she was making for herself in the eyes of all decent people. But is there no way to check these insults?"

I have made up my mind to check them in all instances where they exceed a certain limit."

"Ah! what is the limit?"

"My judgment of the insult, when it occurs, must determine."

"What will you do?"

"Hold the husband, father, or brother, as the case may be, personally responsible."

"Will the rules of the service permit this?"

"I shall not ask."

"Suppose the husband, brother, or father will not respond?"

"Then I shall govern myself by the law of circumstances. But of one thing you may rest assured—should I make a beginning in this matter I will see the end at all hazards. I do not belong to a quick-blooded race, but the blood once heated cools slowly. When we put our hands to the plow, we never look back."

The officer and the citizens walked, conversing, for half an hour, when, being in the eastern part of the city, they took a car and rode up Baltimore Street. In passing Calvert Street the officer bought an extra from a newsboy, and was opening it, when the lady who swept so haughtily around him not long before entered the car with her friend. Seeing the officer, Mrs. D—— gave a short, contemptuous "O!" and sat down just opposite. From her sneering face the officer dropped his eyes quietly to the paper he had just opened, and began reading. Mrs. D—— at once began talking aloud to her friend, and using the most offensive remarks touching the soldiers and people of the States from which they had come. This she continued, the apparent unconsciousness of the officer increasing her irritation, and causing her to almost exhaust the vocabulary of low invective. As if she were not present, the officer read on. At last the car was in the neighborhood to which Mrs. D—— was going, and she nodded to the conductor. The check-string was pulled and the car stopped. Mrs. D—— arose, and to her shame be it said, so far lost all sense of deficiency and self-respect as to spit in the officer's face.

Looking up with flashing eyes, and red spots burning on his cheeks, the officer, said, as he drew his handkerchief and wiped the venom from his face, speaking with suppressed anger—

"You are no lady? If you were a man, you would not leave this car alive!"

An hour later, as Mr. D—— sat in his counting-room, a gentleman, with whom he was partially acquainted, came in. There was in the face of the latter an expression that sent a troubled wave across the feelings of Mr. D——. It was threatening and mysterious. He arose, bowing with some distance and formality.

"I come, Mr. D——," said the gentleman, "on very unpleasant business. An officer in the United States service has received a public insult at the hands of your wife, for which he has determined to hold you responsible."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of Mr. D——. "My wife insulted an officer!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise. "How? when? where?"

"She spat in his face."

"Impossible!"

"I saw it."

"Then he must have grossly insulted her."

"On the contrary, he neither spoke to nor looked at her."

"Where was it?"

"In one of the city cars. He sat reading, and she, in company with a female friend sat opposite. In conversing aloud they applied to soldiers the most offensive language, but he never even glanced toward them. Finally they arose to leave the car, when Mrs. D—— bent forward and spit in his face. I saw it done, and there can be no mistake. The officer is Captain L——, of Massachusetts, a gentleman of wealth, high social position, and he holds you responsible for the conduct of your wife."

"Madness!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing his arms above his head. "Has the woman lost all sense and decency? What does Captain L—— want?"

"Nothing unreasonable, sir. But these outrages upon loyal soldiers, who are simply obeying the call of their government, and doing duty as it directs, must be made to cease. If the perpetrators shield themselves under immunities of their sex, their next of male kin must answer the consequences. You must bear the burden of your wife's deeds."

"My wife shall apologize," said Mr. D——. His mind was beginning to grow clear.

"Capt. L—— cannot call upon her to receive an apology."

"But she shall call upon him at his quarters."

"Very well."

"You bear a challenge?"

"No; I come to demand satisfaction. If that is not given, then—"

"I must fight."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Here is pen, ink and paper. Sit down and write a challenge in the name of Capt. L——. Make it strong. Confusion take these women! Will they never cease playing the fool?"

"The friend of Capt. L—— sat down and wrote a very peremptory demand for satisfaction, closing with the sentence, "it must be prompt, full and complete, or you will be held to the last resort."

In less than thirty minutes from that time, Mr. D—— stood, pale, angry and agitated before his wife.

"At last," he said, passionately, "you have completed your evil work. Warning and remonstrance have been of no avail. Had you no decency, no self-respect left? What fiend possessed you?"

The color went out of Mrs. D——'s face. Fear and alarm overshadowed it. Never in her life had she seen her husband so moved. Never had she felt such awe of him. Usually so calm, his violence now almost appalled her, and she felt weak and vaguely guilty before him.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You spat in a gentleman's face to-day."

The crimson of shame crept over her countenance.

"Disgracing yourself and your husband in the very public eye; and now my life's blood must be the penalty. The officer whom you outraged—a man of wealth and high position at home—holds me responsible for the insult. There is his challenge."

He drew the paper from his pocket and held it forth.

Mrs. D—— shuddered and dropped nerveless into a chair. This was a great deal more, in the way of consequences, than had ever entered her foolish brain.

"O, Henry," she sobbed, "what have I done?"

"Disgraced yourself and put your husband's life in jeopardy," was the stern answer. "And now, you must choose one of two things; the humiliation of an apology, or the loss of your husband; for I shall not refuse the satisfaction demanded, even though I never fired a pistol, and the officer knows his weapon. Of course, I shall fall!"

"O, what have I done! What have I done!" followed in distressed tones.

"An act for which humiliation is demanded; and there is no escape. It is my life, or your humiliation."

"Where is the officer?" asked Mrs. D——, faintly.

"At the camp on Federal Hill."

"I will apologize," she spoke in constraint.

"Let it be your own act," said Mr. D——, coldly, "I leave you free."

"O, Henry!" she was hurt by his manner. "Can you think such evil of me?"

"It must be your own act," he repeated.

"You will go with me?"

"No, I shall take no part in this humiliation. If Capt. L—— demands my life, let him take it. I am a man, and never did a mean or ungentlemanly thing that I should humble myself before another man. If you were brave enough to offer an insult, you must be brave enough to make an apology. The issue lies in your hands."

Mr. D—— was wholly in earnest, and neither the tears nor entreaties of his wife moved him.

Captain L—— was sitting in his tent, in company with two other officers, when a sergeant came to the entrance, and said that a lady had called to see him. The two officers moved to retire, but he desired them to remain.

"Conduct her to my tent," said Capt. L——, in answer to the sergeant.

In a few moments a handsomely dressed lady with her veil down, entered.

Captain L—— at once recognized her, and stood up with a grave, but not angry countenance.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, partly drawing aside her veil, and showing a very altered face from the one he had seen in the morning.

"Mrs. D——," the Captain answered bowing.

There was a quality of tone and air about the officer that inspired her with a feeling of respect. He merely pronounced her name, and then stood awaiting her further purpose.

"I am here to offer an apology for conduct that has no excuse. Will you accept the apology?"

"On one condition," replied Captain L——.

"Name it, sir."

"That you promise on the word of a lady, never again to insult a soldier or officer."

"I promise," was the low answer.

"Then the past is past, Madam. And now permit me to conduct you from the camp."

And with the bearing of a gentleman as he was, Capt. L—— attended Mrs. D—— to the carriage in which she had come, and closing the door for her after she had entered, said in parting,

"The lesson is a severe one, but the fault was grave, and constrained a harsh reaction. We are here as friends, not enemies; as gentlemen, not ruffians. At the call of our country, not to invade and wrong. We come to save not to destroy. When will you learn to read events aright?"

And turning from her, the officer went back to his tent, and the lady rode to the city, an humbler, if not a wiser woman.

The story, as such stories always will, got out, and was reported from lip to lip. From that time women of Mrs. D——'s style of thinking and feeling conducted themselves with a little more public decorum. It is quite certain that Capt. L—— never was insulted again.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Miscellaneous.

For the Maine Farmer.

CORA MAY.

BY EMMA R.

O, Cora May, O, Cora May,
I'm dreaming of thee now—
'Tis a pleasant dream of beauty
To see this girlish brow;
In fancy I can hear those songs,
The same old songs we sung,
As by the stream we strayed along
When each was fair and young.

I cannot clasp your hand, Cora,
As in the days of yore;
My heart goes out the same to thee
To your home on a foreign shore;
Our paths are severed Cora May,
The ocean rolls between,
I can only think of long ago,
And the happy days that's been.

They tell that thy dark brown hair
Is threaded now with gray;
Thy step has lost its lightest tread,
Thou art fading day by day;
What matters it, my Cora May?
'Tis care that made thee old,
Thy beauty, true, may fade away,
But thy heart is pure as gold.

What if the richness of thy face,
Thy beauty all departs,
There's still a pure and untold grace
The beauty of the heart—
It matters not what comes, Cora,
I'd love you just as well
As when upon thy pure white brow
My burning kisses fell.

Still we will love though far apart,
There yet will be a day
To join our hands as well as hearts,
My gentle Cora May.
And must I say to you adieu.
'Till we meet on the other shore,
Where we will find brave hearts and true
To part? No, nevermore.

LITTLE WAIF.

The light-house stood on a strip of land that ran out into the sea. Do you know what a light house is for? Did you ever see one? No, it may be not. It is a tall stone tower built near the sea. In the top of it a light is kept, which may be seen afar off. In the dark night, when the storm is out on the sea, and there is no light to show the land, the great ships that sail on the sea might be cast on shore and broken to pieces. But when they see this light they know where they are, and so they try to keep off the shore.

Many ships have been saved by the lights that were kept in this light-house built on the long strip that ran out into the sea. Sand-bars lay all along the shore on both sides. It was a bad place for ships to come near, and if no light had been there many a ship would have gone to pieces on the sandbanks.

An old man and his wife lived in the light-house, and kept the light with great care. By day they would put in a new wick and fill it with oil, and all the long night when the clock struck the hours they would take turns and go up the steep iron steps to trim the lamp and keep its light from going out. Here they had lived for a long time. Two or three little huts on the shore near by were all the houses that were anywhere in sight. It was a lone place, but the old folks loved their work, and so they lived here quite content.

There was no child in the house. Long, long years ago, they had laid away in the cold ground the dead body of their only child, a noble boy, and since that they had lived alone. No, not ever since that. About six years before my story begins there was a great storm in that part of the sea, and a fine ship went to pieces. Many dead bodies came ashore, but of all that sailed in that noble ship only one was left alive, and that one was a child not more than two or three years old.

She was found in the arms of a dead woman, who was tied to a plank and washed ashore. It was thought this woman must have been her mother, but there was no name on her clothes, and they only kept a tress of her long hair, and her dead body was laid in a grave under the willows.

The child was very like the mother. She had blue eyes and fair hair, but there was no mark on her clothes, save on her white dress a little vine was wrought in the shape of the letter W. But the child could not tell them her name, and that was all they could learn of the past of her life, that letter W.

And the old man and his wife loved the child dearly because they had none of their own; and because she looked so bright in their plain rooms, they kept her for their own.

For a long time they could not think what to call her. The child seemed to forget its own name, and that was strange, too, but so it was. They would have it begin with W., as her true name did, but what should it be? They could think of nothing to suit them, till at last the old man said it should be Waif.

Now a waif is a thing for which there is no owner, a thing that has been cast away. And just such a thing was this little child. She had come to them, and there was no one to claim her, and the old man said that it was very fit that she should be called Waif. And after that she was known by this sweet and quaint name to the old man and his wife and all their friends. So she grew up under their kind care, and their old hearts grew young and fresh again for having her to cheer them with her glad laugh.

As she grew she found many ways in which she could help the old folks, and when her task was done she would walk out alone a long way on the seashore, and pick up pretty stones and fine shells until her little apron was full of the bright things. And then again she would sit with the wives of the poor men that got their food by fishing, and watch them mend their nets and listen to their stories of the wild, wild sea, and the great storms that had come over it.

But the lamp in the tower was a great wonder to her, and when she knew the purpose for which it was kept she looked at it with awe. The first time they let her clean and fill it, it seemed to her she could never do it well enough; but she soon saw that she did it even better than the old folks, and then it became a great pleasure to her. Still they would not let her take her turn to watch it by night. She often asked them to let her do it, but they said she was quite too young for that. She often wished for the time when she would be large enough, and at last she did watch it one night all by herself, just one night and no more.

The old man and his wife were called away to visit a sick friend. When they went they said they would try to come back that night, but lest they should not, they would get a good man whom Waif loved, and whom she called Uncle Jay, to come and stay with her all night. A woman and a little girl from one of the houses near by came to stay with her through the day, and at night Uncle Jay would come. After one o'clock a storm began to blow up. They could see the black clouds away across the sea, and they knew that there would be a great storm that night. When it came near five it looked all the while as if it would rain soon, and Waif saw that the woman wanted to go home to see her house, and so she said she need not wait, that Uncle Jay would soon be there, and she had better go before the rain, and then she would not get wet. Waif was a brave little girl, and so the woman and little girl went away.

Waif went up to trim and light the lamp on the tower, and then she came down and spread the table for tea, and put more wood on the fire, and looked at the clock; it was half past five. Then she took a long look down the road for Uncle Jay, but he was nowhere to be seen, and it was growing quite dark. She took up a book to read, and then she looked at the clock again; it was six o'clock. The next hour she looked at the clock a great many times, and when the hour hand had pointed to seven she began to fear that Uncle Jay would not come. She went out of the door and called to one of the huts, but the noise of the wind, and the rain, and the fierce waves drowned her voice, and she went back into the tower. Eight o'clock came, and then she tried to make her little heart very brave. She put the bars up to the door, and went up into the lonely tower to watch the light all night.

And it was a long night. The wind roared, and the waves beat madly against the tower till it seemed as if they would wash it down. Waif could not help thinking of the stories she had heard of light houses that had been beaten down by the fierce waves, and she began to fear that such a fate might come upon her, for the tower shook with the fury of the storm. Her little hands shook as she put fresh oil into the lamps, and wiped the damp from the glass; but while she stood thus by the side of the great lens there came as it were a sweet voice to her ear that said:

"In thy need call to the Lord,
Pray to him in faith and trust."

It seemed as if she had heard these words often before, but where or when, she could not tell. She did as they told her, and she knelt down there and asked God to keep close by her. Just then there came a great wave quite over the tower. It broke the glass on one side, and the water came in, and if the poor child had not prayed she would have gone off in a swoon with fright. As it was she stood firm, for she was not alone. Soon she heard the boom of a gun. She knew now that some ship was nigh, and oh how she hoped that her light might keep them off the shore. She trimmed it anew, and there she stood by it amid the rain and spray that came in through the broken glass all night long. She tried to look out once, but she could see nothing but the white caps dancing madly about as if trying to reach her, and she went back to her post and waited till morning.

At last the gray dawn came, and Waif strained her weary eyes till she saw a large ship safe at anchor a little way off, and then she leaned her tired little head upon a bench and dropped asleep.

Half an hour later a boat came through the waves. The captain wanted to tell the people in the light-house that they saved his ship. The door was fast, and he got in at the window; but as he found no one below he went up into the tower, and there, lying on the wet floor amid the broken glass, he found the little girl asleep. He took her up gently, bore her down stairs to her little bed, and then called the men that came with him to look at the child that had saved them. Tears stood in the eyes of all; but when she softly said in her sleep, "In thy need call to the Lord," one of the men caught her to his heart and wept aloud. That verse, he said, was what his long-lost wife used to sing to her little child in her cradle. Poor Waif was too tired to wake at once, and she slept on while they stood beside her, till the old folks came home and wept over her and told her story to the men. She slept even after this strange man had claimed her for his child whom he had long thought dead. The long hair was brought out and shown him. It was just like that of his lost wife, and the little white dress with the vine-wrought W was Winnie's.

Oh how glad was little Waif, now Waif no longer, to find when she awoke that she had saved the life of her own father. How close she clung to him with her arms around his neck, and how glad he was to take her away to his nice home beyond the sea. And the old folks who had cared for her went and lived with him till they died, and Winnie was their sunshine and the joy of her father's heart.—*Amer. Pres.*

A PARAGRAPH FOR LADIES.

Most of our fair readers have a decided aversion to that part of their duty which falls under the "patching and darning" denomination. They are of opinion that a "rent may be the accident of a day, a darn premeditated poverty." But if they only knew how pretty a well-executed piece of repair looks, when you see it in its warp and woof the bright threads of economy and independence, and womanly thrift, crossing and re-crossing one another, they would lay aside embroideries and crochet-work, and take up, instead, the mending-basket. We rode down town the other day, when the only occupants of the stage were a young gentleman and a lovely girl of, we should think, about eighteen. She was the prettiest, freshest-looking girl one would want to see—there was no tell-tale traces of midnight parties and headachy mornings in these peach-blossom cheeks, and clear, bright eyes; and all the numberless little items of her dress were as fresh and trim as she herself—from the pink bonnet-strings down to the neatly fitting gloves, and delicate gaiter-boots. If we had been an old bachelor, or a young one either, we would have certainly fallen in love with that girl, particularly after we had discovered that she was as industrious as pretty. And how do you suppose we found it out? The handkerchief that lay in her lap told us so. The neat little darn, elaborately executed, in its corner, with its small white stitches and skillful handiwork, had a tongue quite audible to our ears. Time and patience and wise company had been there. The gentleman sitting opposite saw the little token also; we noticed his eye turning from the handkerchief to the blooming face, and back to the handkerchief again, and we knew perfectly well what he was thinking of—the good wife the young lady would make, and how neat her husband's cravats and stockings would be! Poor fellow, the edges of his shirt-bosom were a little frayed, and one or two buttons were missing, whose detection the most skillful arrangement of his cravat-ends could not conceal. Perhaps he had a wife who didn't believe in mending and darning—perhaps he had none at all. However that may have been, his admiring eyes appreciated the darn on the handkerchief more than if it had been the richest and most sight-destroying embroidery—not for what it was, but what it betokened. Girls! don't shrink from a mended place as if it were a plague-spot; the longer your old things last, the better able you will be to have new ones by and by. Sensible people read your character in little things; and nobody will think the worse of you, whatever may be your station in life, for the exercise of economy and thrift. A stitch in time saves nine, and sometimes it saves a great deal more than that.—*English paper.*

"ONLY ONE KILLED."

Only *one* killed. That's all. Only one vigorous young life suddenly cut short, only one happy house-hold shrouded in gloom, only one home chain broken, only one wife made a widow, one group of little ones made fatherless; or perhaps one fond mother's heart robbed of its idol, one tender sister made brotherless, one loving young heart stricken down in its first great agony. How many times within the last few months have faithful comrades broken the turf and deposited underneath the form of the "only one killed." The next morning's paper perhaps told of a "brilliant affair, repulse of the enemy, with only one killed on our side," etc; and after an indifferent glance at it, we passed on to the next paragraph. And yet for *some* poor hearts the term "only one killed," contains only an immeasurable amount of sorrow. In vain will they watch for that loved one that went out from them in all the strength and beauty of youth; in vain will they listen for the sound of that voice whose last music for them, was the sad cadence—"good bye." The anxious eyes that so often gazed down the old road, will not be gladdened by the sight of that dear form; and the harmony of the home music will ever be broken, for that voice will always be wanting. 'Neath the Palmetto is a little mound, and there, quietly sleeping is the "only one killed." And, alas! how many such little mounds there are scattered over the sunny South—mounds that are marked by no head-stones! No loving friends ever plant flowers on them, no loving eyes ever water them with their tears. Hands hardened by grasping steel consigned the dust, and none but eyes unused to weeping, gaze on those little low mounds. We do not *realize* the vast amout of sorrow this war is creating. None but those from whose hearthstone have been taken the "only one killed" can realize it.

☞ As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

☞ If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write something worth reading, or do something worth writing.

THE GRAND NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT MEMPHIS.

From a spirited account by a correspondent of the Boston *Journal* of the brilliant naval engagement on the Mississippi before Memphis, which resulted in the entire destruction and capture of the rebel flotilla and gave our forces possession of that city, we make the following extract:

THE REBEL FLEET.

The rebel fleet was composed of the Van Dorn, Gen. Price, Gen. Bragg, Jeff. Thompson, General Lovell, Gen. Beauregard, Sumter, and Little Rebel—all gunboats and all rams, built expressly with a view of putting our fleet out of existence. The Beauregard was nearest the shore, the Little Rebel, then the Gen. Price, next the Gen. Bragg and the Gen. Beauregard, which composed the front line. Immediately in the rear was the Gen. Lovell, near the Memphis shore, next the Van Dorn, then the Jeff. Thompson, and lastly the Sumter.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

The two fleets had been gradually approaching each other, the Federal boats with their bows up stream. The Little Rebel gave the signal for the battle by firing her bow pivot gun at the Benton. The shot passed over the flagship and over the Jessie Benton sufficiently near to give us a lively appreciation of its music, and struck the water a half mile beyond. Looking at my watch, I noticed it wanted twenty minutes to six o'clock.

The Queen of the West and Monarch had arrived before the appearance of the rebel fleet, and were quietly lying under the Arkansas shore. We were sufficiently near them to hear, in the lull of the cannonade, the engineers' bell for more fire and for a full head of steam. Immediately black volumes of smoke bleached from the chimneys, showing that there was good Pittsburg coal, or resin, or something highly combustible in the furnaces. The sharpshooters were alert, preparing in all haste for their work.

The Queen of the West, Col. Ellett, commanding, was first under way. She came out into the stream with a graceful sweep, those on board waving their hands to us as the Queen passed down between the Carondolet and the Benton. Never moved a queen more determinedly—never one so fleet. Great masses of foam were whirled up by her wheels, and she left a wake behind which danced the Jessie Benton like a feather.

The gunboats while rounding to ceased firing, but the shots from the rebels screamed around us, and tossed up columns of spray. The white sulphurous clouds of smoke from the guns, floated away, leaving only the dark pitchy clouds bleaching from the chimneys, which hung above us like a pall, lending to the scene a solemn grandeur.

The rebel fleet up to this moment had advanced; but when they saw the Queen moving with so stately a mein, so swiftly and determinedly through the fleet, past the gunboats, straight on across the intervening space toward them, they came to a stand still. Behind her was the Monarch, following the same path, their progress watched with interest. The intrepidity and daring—the total absence of all manifestation of caution or fear—the determination to be in at close quarters—elicited the applause of the whole fleet, and fired officers and men alike with the highest enthusiasm.

As the Queen approached the rebels seemed to be struck with astonishment. They were dumbfounded, and simultaneously there was a movement indicating a retreat. The Beauregard turned his prow toward the Queen, and put on steam, evidently with the intention of avoiding the stroke of the Queen and giving her a butt in her ribs. The pilot of the Queen seeing the movement avoided the anticipated reception, put his helm hard down, wore round with a graceful curve, which won the admiration of the thousands on shore, and with a speed which heeled her over as if she was going to lie on her side, fell like a thunderbolt upon the General Price, crushing her wheel-house as if it had been an egg-shell or the thinnest tissue paper.

The Beauregard, when the Queen was within a few feet, discharged her forward pivot gun at her, but, strange to say, the shot missed the steamer, and came screaming over the fleet. When the Queen passed, the gunner of the Beauregard wheeled the gun and poured a shot into her stern, which passed through the bulwarks, wounding Col. Ellett seriously, with a splinter. The Little Rebel also poured in a shot which damaged the machinery. The Beauregard, improving her opportunity, came upon the Queen in return, struck her forward of her wheel-house, disabling her for further action. Upon the arrival of the Monarch she was taken ashore.

The sharpshooters were not idle meanwhile. They fired upon the enemy's gunners and crew, driving them within the casemates, killing and wounding several.

THE MONARCH.

Imitating the glorious intrepidity of her consort, the Monarch came down through the Federal fleet. She steered directly for the Beauregard. The latter was struck forward of her casemate, and an ugly hole knocked in her side. The shock disarranged her machinery, and opened her boilers. Then came a great puff of steam, which scalded those who were between deck. The Monarch backed off to repeat the shock, but a white flag was run up and she hastened to the aid of the General Price, which was in a sinking condition with a large number on board. She towed the rebel boat ashore directly opposite the city, then returned and helped her consort, the Queen, to the shore.

Meanwhile the rebel flag ship, having been struck by two shots, came alongside the Beauregard, which was in a sinking condition, and took off a portion of her officers and crew, who made all possible speed for the Arkansas shore. They fled to the woods, leaving the Confederate flag still flying at her stern.

Meanwhile, the Monarch, having secured the Queen of the West and the General Price, returned to the Beauregard, which was in a sinking condition. Capt. Pike bore down in his tug in advance and rescued the wounded officer, just as the boat was going down.

The General Lovell was near the city, where the water runs swiftest and deepest. The river there is about seventy-five feet deep at ordinary stages. The Benton, being on the Memphis side in the advance of the fleet, was opposed to the Lovell in the fight. Capt. Phelps opened with one of his fifty-pound rifle guns—himself sighting it. A shot fired by him struck the Lovell below the water line, making an opening into which the water rushed with tremendous force. She sunk in less than five minutes. When the boat went down fragments from her upper works floated away.

The terror-stricken crew were struggling in the current. Some sank at once, others seized fragments of the ship and floated till assistance arrived.

FINISHING THE FIGHT.

Three of the rebel gunboats had been sunk and one—the flagship—had been run ashore. The fight had lasted forty minutes. The other rebel boats had been repeatedly hit. The rebel captains were in too close quarters to attempt to escape with their boats, with the exception of the Van Dorn, which through the fight had maintained a greater distance than any other rebel boat. They saw it was useless to contend, and the thought of escape alone inspired them.

First, the Jeff. Thompson was run upon the Arkansas shore, about a mile below the Little Rebel. The officers and crew took to their heels. Whether any were killed or wounded on board is not known. I noticed, as we passed, that there was a big hole in her wheelhouse, where a shot had entered; also several in her hull. We had no time to stop and see the extent of injury, but followed the Benton. Before we returned she was on fire.

A mile beyond was the Sumter, also run ashore; and still further down, the General Bragg, both deserted. As the rebels fled, our broadsides opened upon the woods with shell; but they were soon out of sight.

The Van Dorn showed a clear pair of heels. We had no boat equaling her in speed, and it was useless to attempt pursuit. Not a shot struck the Federal gunboats, not a man had been injured. The Queen of the West alone had received injury, and that was not serious. Col. Ellett was the only one wounded.

We never can know the loss of the rebels, but from the number known to have been on the Lovell, it is supposed that their loss is probably not less than one hundred killed and wounded, and about the same number of prisoners. The entire crew of the Gen. Price are in our hands.

RECAPITULATION.

During the engagement the rebels on shore set two tugs on fire below the town, also an uncompleted gunboat on the stocks, which were entirely destroyed. Five transport steamers were at the landing. One had steam up at the commencement of the fight, but the lines were not cast off, and all are in our possession. They are the New National, Acacia, R. W. Hill, Victoria, Kentucky. All of them marked "C. S. M."—Confederate States Mail.

The engagement was witnessed by thousands upon the shore, most of whom sympathized with those who were so summarily annihilated.

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